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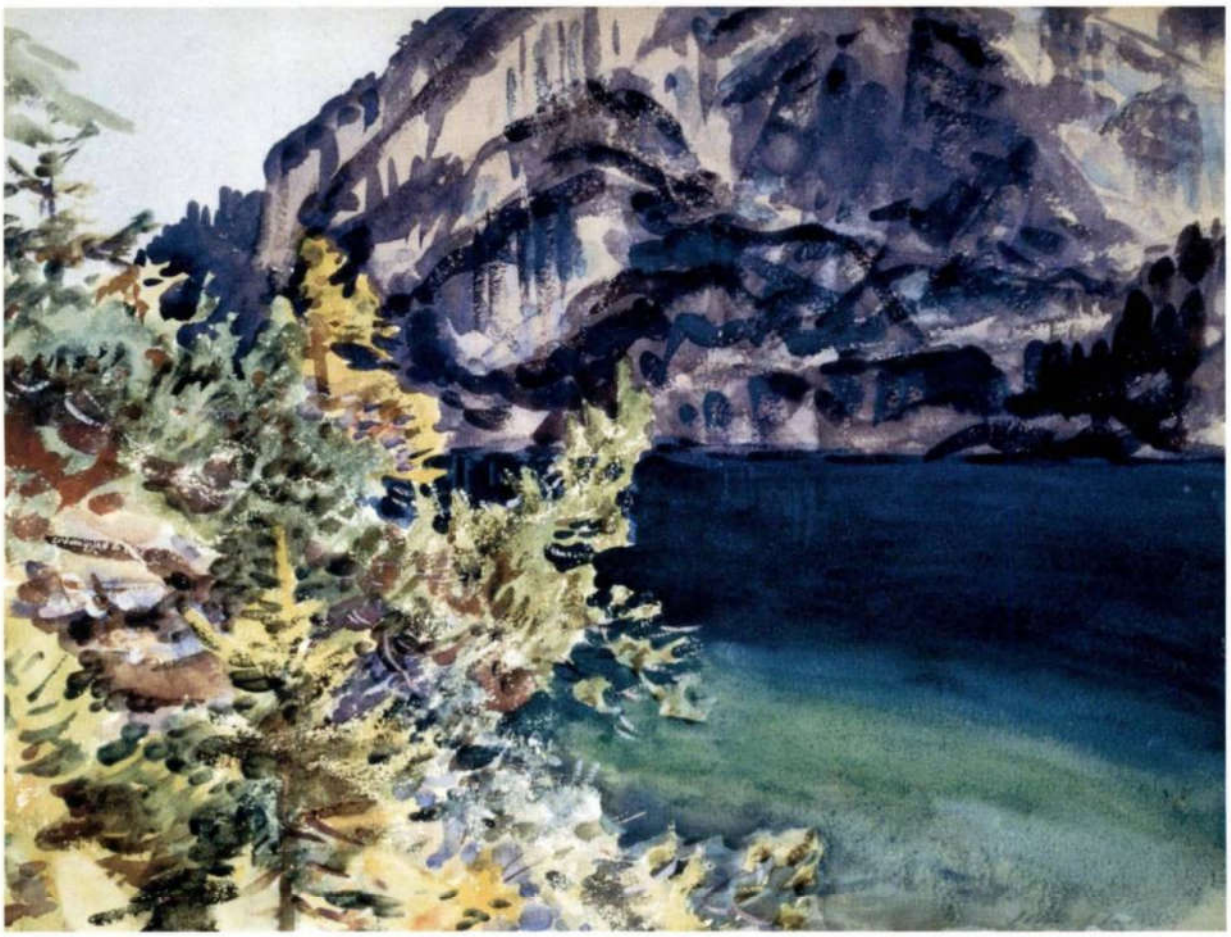

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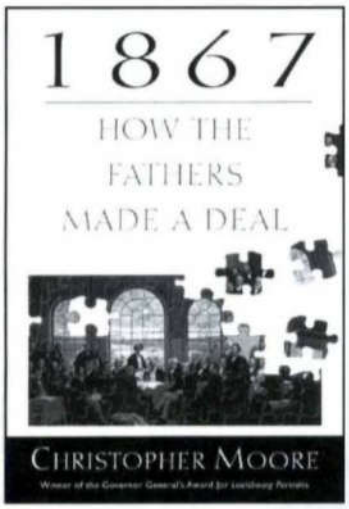

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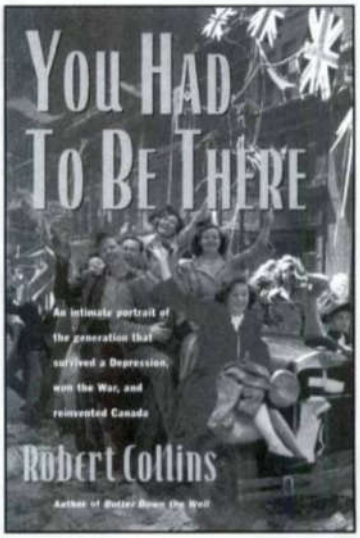
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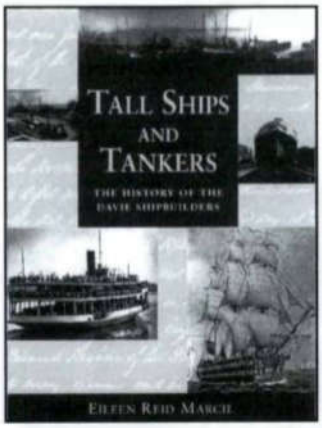

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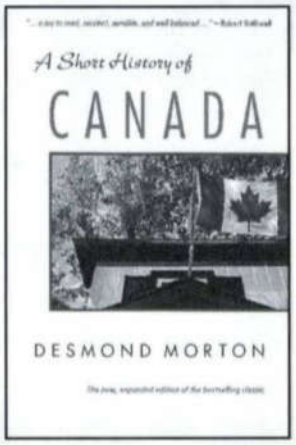

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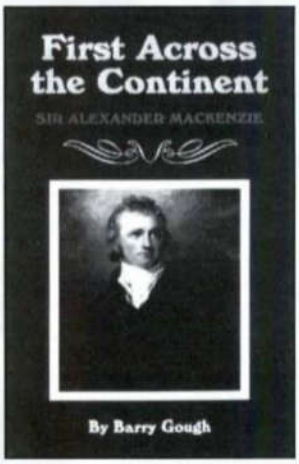

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Watercolour on paper, 39.3 cm x 51.4 cm (15 1/2" x 20 1/4").
John Singer Sargent. Credit: Wendy S. Hoff Fine Arts, New York, N.Y.

Keith Ralston and Duncan A. Stacey

Salmon Wars and the Crises of the Nineties

Most Canadians probably knew little about the Pacific salmon fishery except from the labels in the supermarkets, and nothing at all about the problems of the industry, until it filled the media this past summer under the slightly misleading designation of "salmon wars". Nevertheless the crisis with its overtones of conflict – not only international and interracial but also between boats using different fishing methods – is very real and very difficult of resolution.

The Pacific salmon fishery is an old one. For countless generations it fed the coastal aboriginal peoples, determining their yearly cycle and dominating their culture. Soon after Europeans arrived on the coast, it began its transition to an industrial food-processing enterprise. In the mid-nineteenth century, the salmon fishery was one element in the diversification of Hudson's Bay Company operations in the Columbia Department. Barrels of salmon were salted and exported to test how far the product could be shipped and still arrive in an edible condition. Salting was usually effective for export around the Pacific Basin but European manufacturing countries were out of reach.

The development of an export industry came only with a new technology – canning. The mass-production, assembly-line factories that processed the Pacific salmons, traditionally into wooden cases, holding 48 one-pound tins, called "talls" by canners, opened up markets in the industrializing countries of northwest Europe, particularly in Great Britain. Looked down on by the middle and upper classes as inferior to fresh Scottish and Norwegian salmon, tinned salmon became a working class dish, selling at a shilling (25 cents) a tin.

The opening of new markets led in the 1860s and 1870s to a frenzy of development along the Pacific Coast from the southern limit of the salmon's range in San Francisco Bay, pushing north through Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia, to the last frontier in Alaska. Governments, keen to encourage resource exploitation, supported this new "gold rush", but sought to level the playing field through regulation.

British Columbia Government Photograph No. 6081

Gill-netting for salmon, Fraser River.

Regulation of salmon fisheries is, however, conditioned by the peculiar nature of the resource. No one "owns" salmon until they are on board the catcher boat. Until then they swim "free" – a "common" or "unowned" property, in the jargon of the economist. So they have been everyone's to catch and no one's to conserve.

Regulation in British Columbia has been under the jurisdiction of the federal government, and in the nineteenth century was administered from Ottawa by the Department of Marine and Fisheries (now Fisheries and Oceans). American states regulated their own river fisheries, while the U.S. government controlled territories like Alaska. As B.C. canneries developed on the Fraser River in the 1860s and 1870s, there was little in the way of regulation. But alarm about lower catches in the mid-1880s led to more intervention. A hatchery was opened in 1884: the canners supported hatcheries as the alternative to restrictions on catches.

Continuing worry about apparent reductions in salmon stocks, especially among federal officials who were at the time witnessing the extinction of salmon in Lake Ontario, led at the end of the 1880s to an attempt on the Fraser to limit catching licences. Established canners went along at first, seeing it as a way of limiting new canneries. When they had to share the 500 licences both with new entrants and with independent fishermen, an unholy row broke out. Canneries charged Ottawa fisheries staff with ignorance of British Columbia conditions and the independent or "contract" fishermen argued that the canners were trying to shut them out from holding the lucrative licences.

The abandonment of licence limitation in 1892 under this pressure from both sides swept aside the last barrier to a boom-type expansion during the 1890s. By the end of the decade the number of fishermen's licences had skyrocketed to 3,500. Canneries on the

So they [the salmon] have been everyone's to catch and no one's to conserve.

Fraser River multiplied from 16 in 1892 to 45 in 1900. New canneries in northern B.C. locations brought the provincial total to 65. Catches on the Fraser rose dramatically, reaching 860,000 cases in the peak cycle year of 1897. The industry increasingly faced a crisis of over-production.

The initial sufferers in the boom of the 1890s were the fishermen while established canners expanded and racked up big profits – it was said that the returns from only four seasons repaid the initial investment. Conflict between canners and fishermen became endemic. In 1893, contract fishermen, attempting to maintain their privileged position, struck and lost. All fishermen, including Aboriginals formerly on day wages, were forced into the uncertainties of the payment per fish system, which the canners manipulated mercilessly. As the number of licences increased and returns to individual licencees decreased, fishermen began to agitate for fixed season-long minimum prices. In 1900 and 1901, there were two spectacular strikes with violent scenes as the militia was called out and strike leaders were arrested. Nevertheless the principle of seasonal minimum prices was forced, at least temporarily, on the canners, and a fishermen's union, one of a series, set out to try to enforce it.

At the same time as fishermen's militancy confronted canners with increased fish costs, over-production as well as dumping of inventories by poorly financed entrants to the industry depressed selling prices. The established canners' reaction was to try to organize a monopoly to eliminate what they saw as unfair competition. In 1902 a New Jersey-chartered trust emerged backed by most of the canners and the Toronto and Montreal bankers who financed industry operations. The trust was only partially successful – government would not bar new entrants. But a pattern was set for most of the twentieth century – a near-monopoly among canners confronting increasingly well-organized union activists.

Does the crisis of the 1890s have anything to tell us about the "salmon wars" of the 1990s? Is it another case of those who know no history having to repeat it? Probably not. It is true that the cause of both crises has been over-capitalization but the fact that in the 1890s it was in the processing sector and in the 1990s in the catching fleet presents two different sets of conditions.

In the 1890s, once the canners were able to close competing plants, economies of scale restored profitability. The bottleneck in production was the canning – fish had to be butchered and tins made by hand – a pack of 20,000 cases meant making and filling nearly a million tins. But in the early 1900s, the Smith butchering machine and automatic can-making machinery transformed cannery lines by removing both these restrictions. In the 1990s, fish transport with use of chilled salt water refrigeration and refrigerated trucks has permitted concentration of processing operations into less than a half-dozen plants all located near the mouths of either the Fraser or the Skeena Rivers.

The two major fish processors in B.C. have gone further and do their processing for both southern and northern areas in jointly run canneries, although they still market the product separately. This strategy not only cuts the cost of processing fish but also the cost of transporting it from the grounds. A joint packing system enables a single vessel to pick up fish from every boat in a given area. This change in operations allows British Columbia-caught fish to be processed in the neighbouring states of Alaska and Washington and vice versa, spilling the 1990s crisis over into the adjoining American fisheries.

In the 1990s, a highly mobile, super-efficient catching fleet, far removed from the gill-nets and "Columbia River" sailboats of the 1890s, has the potential to wipe out the commercially fished runs. Wide-ranging fishing fleets in both Canada and the United States are fishing each other's stocks on their way to their home streams – hence "salmon wars". Stocks have not increased, therefore this crisis is also one of over-fishing.

Until recently fisheries have relied on restrictions such as shorter fishery openings, closure of fishing areas, and limitation on net length, depths and mesh sizes, to conserve stocks. Today, however, they are attempting to cut the number of boats through licence limitation (again!) and buy-back programs, in the hope that remaining vessels will generate higher incomes and that stocks can be better managed.

But obviously regulation based on the "common property" concept has not been successful in staving off an industry crisis.

The commercial fishery is also beset by other forces – stiff price competition from farm-grown "fresh" salmon means lower prices to fishermen. Sports fishermen and the fishing lodges who serve them, argue that they can provide better economic returns from highly prized salmons such as chinook and coho. Native Indian fishermen, backed by both courts and government policy, assert their priority as catchers. Predictions of the outcome for the beleaguered commercial fishery are hazardous. It is sufficient to note that in the 1890s its biggest years were still ahead, while in the 1990s it looks more and more like a sunset industry.

We believe that if the salmon stocks continue to be managed by economists and biologists without regard to the social impact of their decisions, the Pacific salmon fishery faces a stormy and uncertain future. ◆

Keith Ralston is an emeritus member of the Department of History, University of British Columbia.

Duncan A. Stacey is an industrial historian specializing in the social and economic history of West Coast fisheries.

Credit: Salmon courtesy of British Columbia Packers Limited.

John Singer Sargent

in the Canadian Rockies: 1916

"Yoho Falls", 1916. Oil on canvas, 94 cm x 113 cm (37" x 44 1/2"). John Singer Sargent.

Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston

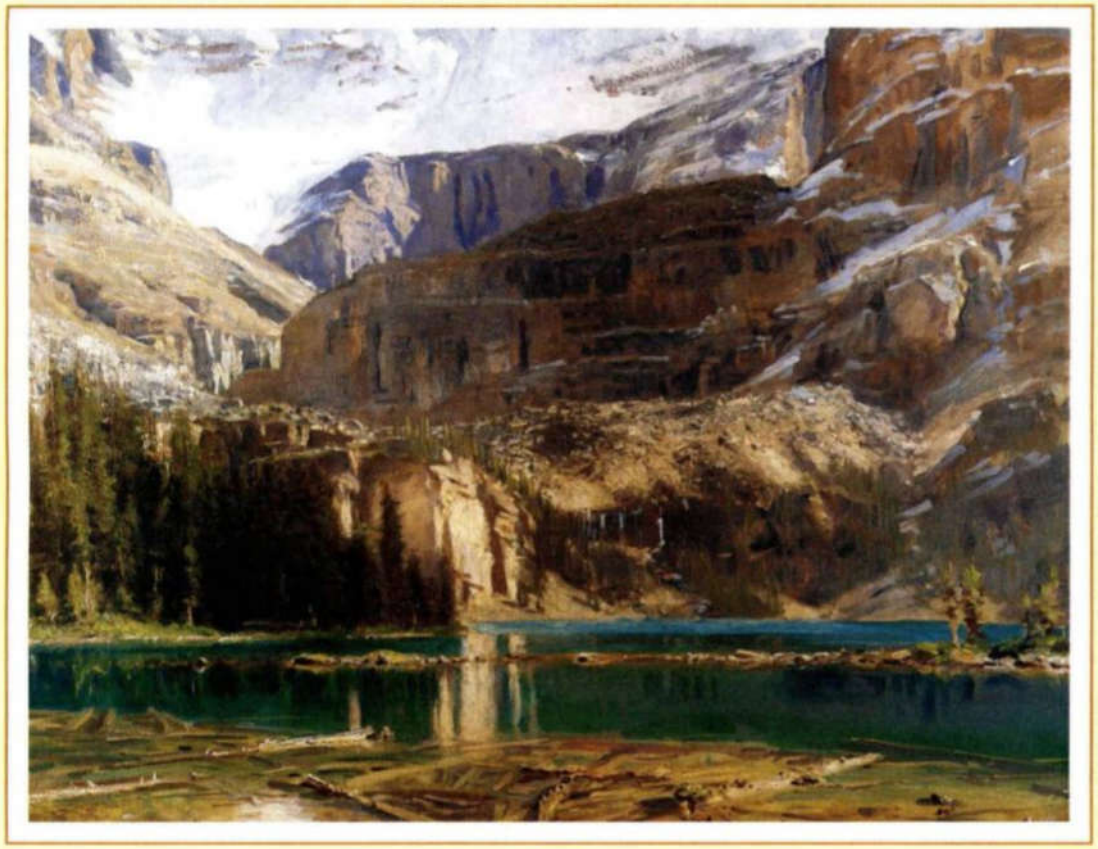
IN THE YEARS PRECEDING THE FIRST WORLD WAR JOHN SINGER SARGENT had settled into a routine in which each year was divided by a regular cycle of work and travel. By that time he had achieved the peak of his prestige and could afford more or less to abandon the painting of portraits. Although these were what more or less had made his reputation, he considered portraiture to be hack work unworthy of a serious artist. After years of portraying the rich clients he had come to despise, who he said reminded him of "plucked fowl in the markets", Sargent could afford to devote much of the last two decades of his life to the mural projects he undertook in the Boston area.

Beginning in 1909 he divided his time between his work on the murals he was painting for the Boston Public Library and what was to become known as his private painting: oil sketches and watercolours of

Artist: Andrew Dickson Patterson

John Singer Sargent.

By Bruce Hugh Russell



Courtesy of the Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University Art Museums, Louise E. Bettens Fund

"Lake O'Hara", 1916. Oil on canvas, 97.4 cm x 116 cm (38 3/8" x 45 3/4"). John Singer Sargent.

landscapes and informal figure groupings. Although he was willing to sell such works, they were primarily undertaken for his own pleasure. The late summer months during which many of these more personal works were executed were invariably spent in the Alps, either in Austria or Italy, a region he had known and loved since his childhood.

By the late summer of 1916 Sargent was reluctant to risk returning to Europe from his work on the Boston Library murals. The increasing German naval harassment of transatlantic navigation forced the artist to abandon plans for his traditional Alpine vacation. The Canadian Rockies were at that time a popular and well-advertised tourist destination actively promoted by the Canadian Pacific Railway. It has been suggested that it was his friend Denman Ross, a painter and Harvard design professor, who provided the immediate impetus for the trip by sending the artist a postcard of the Twin Falls at Yoho National Park with the hint that it would make a splendid picture. It is equally possible that a prior disposition to consider painting in the Canadian Rockies as a subject for his art could have derived from conversations with several of Sargent's London patrons.

Among the artist's British clients were key figures involved with the development of the Dominion, including important investors in the Canadian Pacific Railway. In 1912 Sargent had drawn a pencil portrait of Lord Revelstoke, who in

the words of author Allan Pringle, was one of the "members of London high society who held key interests in the activities of the CPR and encouraged the growth of settlement in the Canadian north-west." He had also been involved with Sir William Cornelius Van Horne, the railway's general manager, in promoting such interests through the exhibition of paintings of the Rockies in London during the 1880s. These works had been specially commissioned from Canadian painters Lucius O'Brien and John Arthur Fraser, as well as from such non-Canadians as the great American mid-century panoramic painter Albert Bierstadt.

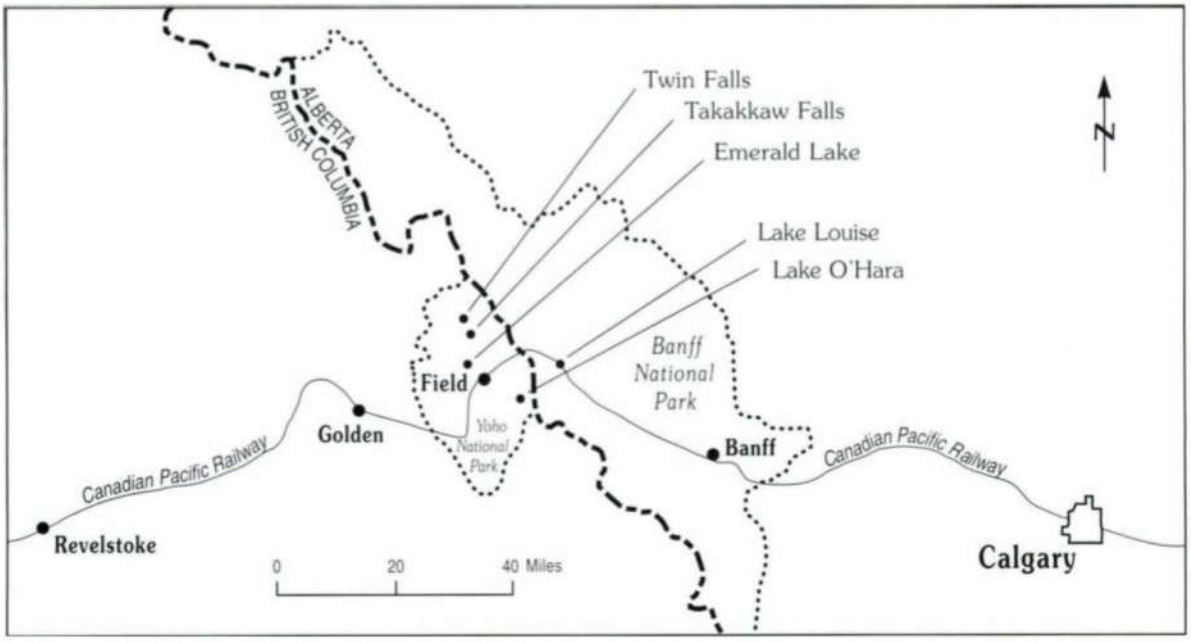
Other clients with Canadian connections whose portraits were painted by Sargent were Arthur, Duke of Connaught, third son of Queen Victoria, and his wife Princess Louise of Prussia, Duchess of Connaught, whose oil portraits painted in 1908 are in the Royal collection at Windsor. Connaught had a lifelong association with the Imperial administration of Canada, first through participation in the colonial military and later as Governor General from 1911 until 1916. It seems quite plausible that the spectacular Canadian mountain scenery could have been brought to the attention of a painter well known for his interest in Alpine subjects by any one of these clients with personal proprietary interests in the Canadian west. Their involvement is demonstrated by the very names of places Sargent was to visit during the summer of 1916: Revelstoke is a town west of Field, British Columbia, which the artist visited; and Lake Louise, which he painted, although not named for the Duchess, is named for her sister-in-law, the wife of another Canadian Governor General, the Marquis of Lorne.

When Sargent announced his intention of visiting the Canadian west, requests for pictures, almost commissions, were made by Edward W. Forbes, director of Harvard's Fogg Art Museum, and from one of his most persistent patrons, the Boston collector Isabella Stewart Gardner. As a farewell present Mrs. Gardner gave Sargent some handkerchiefs which would prove useful in the months ahead, and the artist inscribed her guest book on 15 July, "Dear Mrs. Gardner, A wave of the Japanese handkerchief as I go – au revoir in September – yrs sincerely, John S. Sargent."

Later that week the artist set out from Boston accompanied by his valet and habitual travelling companion Nicola d'Inverno, who would recall their trip as the happiest experience of his twenty years in the painter's service. Travelling by rail, Sargent first visited Glacier National Park in Montana, from where he wrote to his British cousin Evan Charteris on 25 July:

> After the heat of the last few days in Boston and of the many days railway journey across the endless plains it is delicious to be here among crags and glaciers and pine woods. But I shall make my way further north to the Canadian Rockies, where the scenery is grander still. I have two pleasant companions and we take daily rides on Indian ponies.

These companions were Boston financier Colonel Thomas Livermore and his wife. Sargent's presence in the west attracted the attention of several artists in the region at that time. Among these was Frank B. Hoffman, then public relations director in Glacier National Park, who sought out Sargent



at this time. His wife recalled, probably inaccurately, that Hoffman observed Sargent painting portraits of Blackfoot Indians, and "learned much about portrait painting". There is no evidence to suggest that despite the good weather and enjoyable scenery Sargent undertook any work during this phase of the vacation with the exception of a charcoal drawing of Colonel Livermore. Writing a month after the Livermores' departure for California, and during an unpleasant reversal of the weather, Sargent recalled:

> Life was different in the Montana National Park, with the pleasant company of the Livermores. There we toured over new trails every day. Mrs Livermore is perfectly delightful *and plays chess*. Alas she went back east....

On 2 August Sargent headed north and east, again by rail, from Seattle to Field, British Columbia where he stayed at Mount Stephen House, one of the hotels built by the Canadian Pacific Railway to encourage tourism. From there he began to make arrangements for guides, tents and supplies for an expedition to Twin Falls. As writer Rebecca W. Karo notes, it "is the last of a series of spectacular waterfalls along a seven-mile trail which begins with the more famous Takakkaw Falls. It was on the railway's list of tourist attractions, but ... it was not an easy site to see.... The Railway improved matters a couple of seasons later by building a log cabin and tea house at the base of the Twin Falls, but Sargent had to make do with the comforts his pack horse carried in." Bad weather must have made these seem especially inadequate. On 20 August Sargent wrote to Mrs. Gardner:

> I am camping under the waterfall that Mr. Denman Ross gave me a postcard of. It is magnificent when the sun shines which it did the first two days. I began a picture – that is ten days ago – and since then it has been raining and snowing steadily – provisions and temper getting low – but I shall stick it out till the sun reappears. Tell Mr. Ross that he was quite right, but that now there is only one fall of the "Twins", thanks to some landslip above.... Your handkerchiefs are in constant use and still hold out in spite of a dripping nose and cold feet.

As a result of the temporary disappearance of one of the famous pair of falls Sargent would title his painting, later acquired by Mrs. Gardner, *Yoho Falls*. This oil is one of Sargent's best studies of moving water, equally dynamic as his watercolours of Tyrolean streams or European garden fountains. Between the cascading column of water and the craggy stone foreground a magnificent spray swirls up in the centre of the picture, rainbow-hued and iridescent in the morning sunlight. Vanity Fair photographer Ira L. Hill, vacationing in the area, photographed Sargent at work on the painting, and the dense forest in which the painter can be seen seated at his easel gives a sense of the ruggedness of terrain.

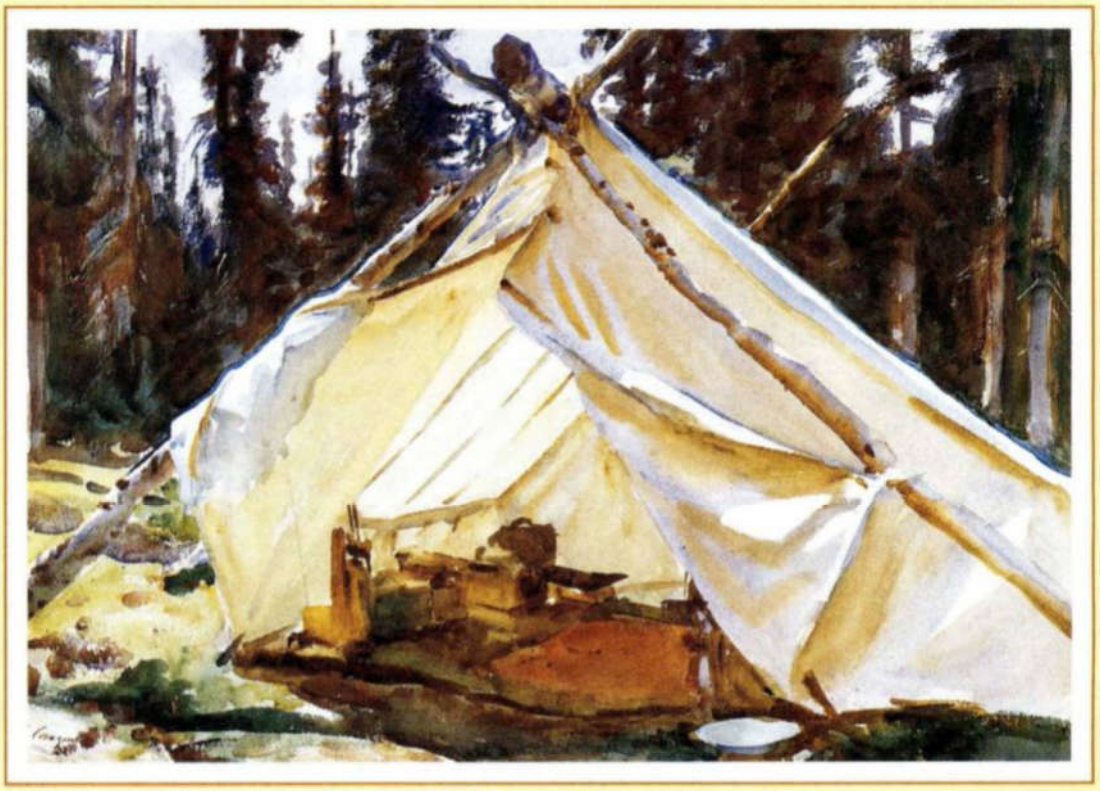
William H. Downes, the artist's first biographer, records an anecdote which illustrates the difficulties posed by the weather during the painting of what he called "his gloriously beautiful landscape":

Sargent sketching in the Alps, pen and wash on paper by H.V. Tonks.

> He began to paint [Lake O'Hara] on a gray day, when the scene was very impressive, but before he had got very far with it there was a change in the weather and the clouds rolled away. Came two or three brilliantly clear, sunshiny days. He changed his mind and made it an effect of sunshine. Then a spell of bad weather supervened, interrupting the work; but when the sun finally made its reappearance he was able to finish the picture. During the stormy weather he made a watercolour sketch of the subject as he had originally planned it, a gray-day effect.

Yet it is hard to imagine a greater contrast than the circumstances of the Yoho camp described by Sargent and his luxurious Chelsea studio, or the luxury hotels which were his habitual travelling accommodations. On 28 August, having returned to the vicinity of Mount Stephen House, Sargent wrote his friend Thomas Fox, the architect who had helped him that same year build a model of

"It was raining and snowing, my tent flooded, mushrooms sprouted in my boots, porcupines taking shelter in my clothes..."



Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum, Boston

"A Tent in the Rockies", 1916. Watercolour on paper, 38 cm x 52 cm (15" x 20 1/2"). John Singer Sargent.

his proposed alterations to the monumental staircase of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston:

> I am about to move on with my tents to some other valley within the reach of Field – two things have got my nerves – one the roar and hissing and pounding all night long of a tremendous waterfall that I am near, the other the alighting of snowflakes on my bottom when it is bared once a day. Perhaps this is the poetry of camping out.

Sargent had written to his cousin Mary Hale on 30 August:

> It was raining and snowing, my tent flooded, mushrooms sprouted in my boots, porcupines taking shelter in my clothes, canned food always fried in a black frying pan getting on my nerves, and a fine waterfall which was the attraction of the place pounding and thundering all night. I stood it for three weeks and yesterday came away with a repulsive picture. Now the weather has changed for the better and I am off again to try the simple life (ach pfui) in tents at the top of another valley, this time with a gridiron instead of a frying pan and a perforated India rubber mat to stand on. It takes time to learn how to be really happy....

The next day he wrote to Mrs. Gardner in less sarcastic terms that her picture was completed:

> I have done a picture of a fantastic waterfall, somewhat the sort of nightmare as Mrs. Sears' picture – and I am off camping to another place near here where I expect to find other awful sights – whether to your liking or not you shall decide.

After a rest in the relative comfort of Mount Stephen House the artist set out again early in September. Having found Lake Louise overcrowded with tourists, Sargent set out for Lake

O'Hara which lay across the adjacent glacier. The artist had commented at this point in his vacation to Mary Hale:

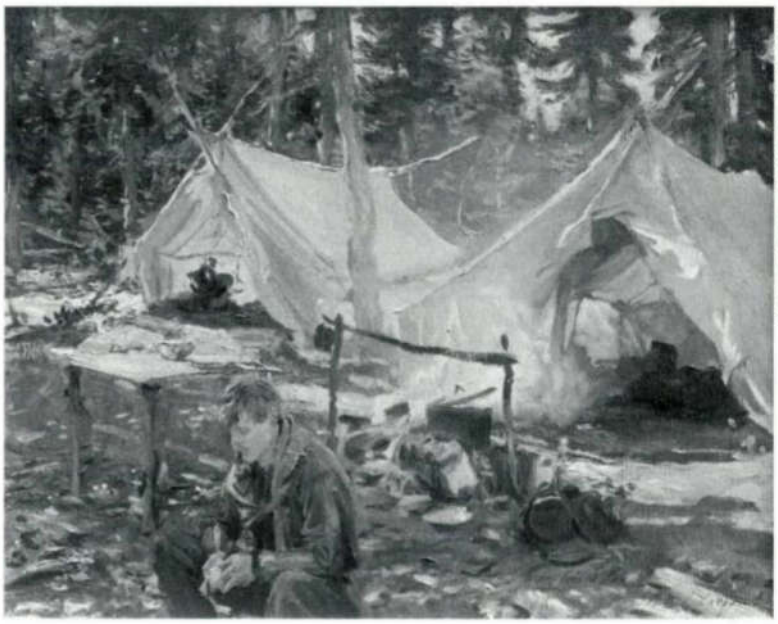
> I have been camping, one has to do that here, there is nothing to paint near these enormous hotels along the CP railway. I am off again in search of some alpine nightmare.

His choice, Lake O'Hara, was a favourite base camp of mountaineers. It was still considered remote a few years later in 1921 when it was the site of the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada. That year the Club's journal asserted that "no more fascinating camp site could be found in the mountains." To assist visiting climbers, professional Alpine guides had been brought from Switzerland. And it is likely that they are the figures depicted by Sargent in his watercolour studies of camp life done at this site, and that the polyglot artist and his Italian valet-companion found them congenial company. Their company must have been a pleasant reminder of other Alpine vacations with his family during happier years. One study, the only one in which a subject other than d'Inverno can be identified, is of a Swedish guide named Carl.

In an unpublished autobiographical manuscript John Murray Gibbon tells of his visit to the Lake O'Hara campsite with his friend Charles W. Simpson, a Montreal artist who had produced posters and graphic designs for Murray's employer the Canadian Pacific Railway:

> Through our hotel department I found that Sargent had been registered for a few days at Lake Louise, but had gone on a camping trip with a guide to Lake O'Hara.... So off we went posthaste in chase of Sargent. The horses were there when we stepped off the train at Lake Wapta, together with a guide, but when we reached Lake O'Hara we found that the great man had gone to Emerald Lake near Field. However he had left a number of canvases to dry, under the care of an old Swede, in a tent near the lake. We thought we might as well have a look at them, since we had come so far to see them. Our own guide knew the Swede, who however refused to open the tent. Fortunately we had come with food and drink for the night, and as the drink included a bottle of Scotch, the old Swede relented. Then we discovered the real reason for his refusal. Before he left Lake O'Hara Sargent decided to paint a portrait of his Swede, and with his usual desire for realism and truth to nature, prevented his model from combing his hair.

The painting referred to is *Tents at Lake O'Hara*, now in the collection of the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut. In addition to this oil the majority of the watercolours produced by Sargent in the Canadian Rockies are studies of the tents which comprised the artist's camp. These broad planes of draped canvas provide particularly apt subjects for the watercolour medium. Translated into pale opalescent forms, they contrast with the shadowy forest background, and loom protectively over the improvised effects of the daily routines of camp life which they shelter, cooking pots, campfires and makeshift furnishings. A reviewer in the New York Times of a New York exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in November of 1916 singled out one of these works:



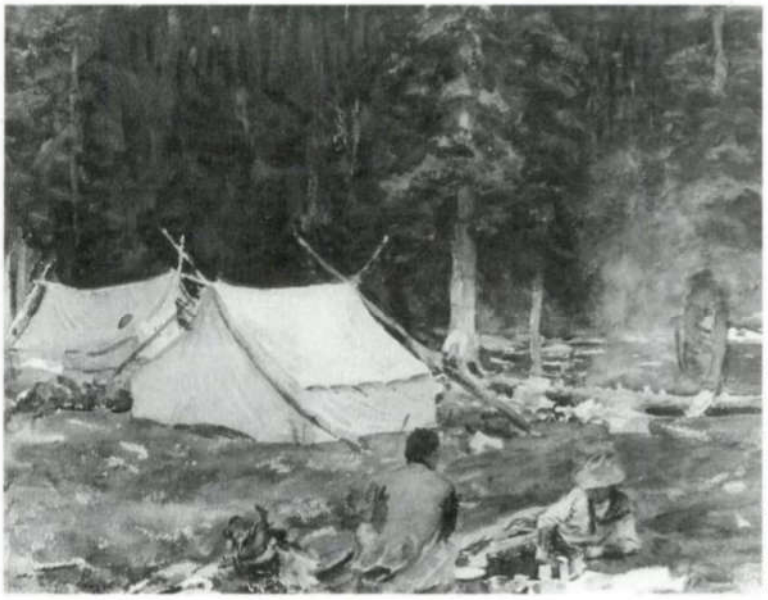
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Conn. The Ella Gallup Sumner and Mary Catlin Sumner Collection Fund

"Tents at Lake O'Hara", 1916. Oil on canvas, 55.9 cm x 71.1 cm (22" x 28"). The figure in the foreground is Carl, the guide. John Singer Sargent.

> A thoroughly characteristic study of a man shaving in the woods in front of a looking glass attached to the trunk of a tree. Nothing could [equal?] the nonchalance of the method. The beautiful fabric of color is woven with big loose stitches as the great embroiderers of the past would have done. No tight little semstress [*sic*] stitches; no little neatly defined features, no meticulously worked out pattern. A bold big complicated design in which the complication is eloquent of easy mastery.... Under the conditions of light and atmosphere the man is blotted into the fabric of the scene, his head no more salient than the foliage of the pine tree under which he stands. It calls for

supreme detachment to obliterate human importance in such a partnership between humanity and nature, without extinguishing human character.

It is significant that, while surrounded by scenery that Sargent himself asserted to be both beautiful and impressive, he selected only two proper landscape subjects. It has been suggested that this was the result of being confined to camp by the bad weather; it should also be borne in mind that Sargent was far more a genre painter than a landscapist. Even his European mountain



The Newark Museum / Art Resource, NY

"Camping near Lake O'Hara", 1916. Watercolour, 40 cm x 53 cm, (15 3/4" x 20 7/8"). John Singer Sargent.

pictures invariably concentrate on a figure group or some narrow focus containing evidence of human presence. The oil of Lake O'Hara has always been considered one of Sargent's finest paintings. Apart from the brilliant virtuosity of his brush work, it is his idiosyncratic composition which results in its success. In avoiding the cliches of mountain tops delineated against the sky, and by cropping visual comprehension of the extent of the lake's perimeter, a remarkable tension is achieved which more fully evokes the massive and overwhelming proportions of his subject. Further, this demands the viewer's full attention to the effects of light and texture achieved through the bold confidence of his paint. Interestingly, this canvas is exactly contemporary with the first efforts of a younger generation of Canadian painters engaged in the creation of a monumental landscape tradition in the wilderness of central Canada. Lake O'Hara enjoyed an almost legendary status. The impact of this work can be seen in the response to Sargent's composition of subsequent painters of the same view, such as the paintings of Carl Rungius and J.E.H. MacDonald, both in the National Gallery of Canada. Belmore Browne, an American painter who lived in the Banff area, addressed this ironic comment to the local Rotary Club in an address made in 1929:

> John Singer Sargent a few years ago painted one supreme picture of Lake O'Hara. This picture is know all over the world and has done more for this lake than has anything else. All who see it wish to visit the lake and see it as Sargent saw it. Today that is impossible for a camp has been built right in the centre of the foreground of the picture and destroyed what so many came to see.

Critics have searched for the essence of these paintings produced during his three-month western excursion. Apart from his consummate painterly skills perhaps their success derives from a simple objectivity which Sargent enjoyed as a visitor. For him mountains were not symbolic of spiritual values as they were for Northern European Romantic painters of a century earlier. Neither were they evidence of geological upheaval or awe-inspiring monuments of divine or natural forces, as they were for Ruskin and his disciples, and the American naturalists of both the Hudson River school and the scenographic tradition in photography. Nor were they emblems of nationalism as they were for the Group of Seven, who were beginning their heroic reinterpretation of Canadian landscape during this same decade. Rather like the proverbial climber, he simply painted them "because they were there". And he was there quite simply because he liked the cool fresh air, the play of light on water, glacier and stone, and above all, the exercise and congenial company he had come to associate with an Alpine summer vacation. War had kept him from family, friends and his usual Tyrolean haunts, so the Rockies were a convenient alternative and escape from the pressures of his work in Boston. Yet this new landscape occasioned some of his finest painting. Like most of Sargent's work the results of the trip sold immediately. By 18 November the artist could note in a letter to Fred S. Pratt of Worcester, Massachusetts, that:

> the meagre results of my Rocky mountain campaign are all gone... only did two pictures and Mrs. Gardner for whom I did one insisted on taking both, until Mr. Forbes of Fogg who had also bespoken one persuaded me to relinquish one. I only did two or 3 w/c the best one

had to go to a sale in NY of Royal Watercolour Society and two others given to war bazaars.

The critics did not share the artist's self-depreciating modesty. Charles Merrill Mount, the author of a biography of the artist published in 1955, felt that these works "have a new flavour" which sets them apart from his other alpine works, which he ascribes to "something of the distinctly American scenes surrounding him." Certainly human presence is more fugitive than in certain of the Tyrolean views which document signs of long-term domestication; here instead is an untrammelled nature through which visitors are at most in transit, or simply absent. William H. Downes paid these works the ultimate compliment of having achieved what were probably the artist's supreme goals:

> In the Canadian Pacific series of aquarelles the justice of observation, the swift and confident character of the handling and finality of the impression... go very far to place these studies in the top most rank.

In the years following the war very different circumstances would once again bring Sargent to Canada. In 1919 South African philanthropist Sir Abe Bailey commissioned him to paint a monumental group portrait "Some General Officers of the Great War" for the National Portrait Gallery in London. Among the subjects to be included in this enormous work were Canadian General Sir Arthur Currie, and Viscount Byng, later Governor General of Canada. The artist was decidedly unenthusiastic about the project, commenting in his correspondence, "The Generals loom before me like a nightmare" but he considered the commission a patriotic responsibility. Meeting Montreal art dealer William R. Watson in London at that time, he responded to his enquiry: "I'm still doing war work. I'm painting a group of military officers and their bloody boots." After several attempts to arrange a sitting the artist finally proposed coming to Montreal arriving in May of 1921. During this visit Montreal portraitist Andrew Dickson Patterson did several chalk portrait drawings of Sargent, which suggests that Sargent might have made Patterson's Beaver Hall Hill studio available for the Currie sittings.

In an obituary article in the *Canadian Forum* of May 1925 the anonymous author, while praising the dexterity of Sargent's brushwork, charts the changing attitudes which would result in the decline of his posthumous reputation.

> His practice was to make each brush-stroke say as much as possible, and to leave his surface fresh and unworked.... Apart from his marvellous craftsmanship, his vision is social, rather than strictly aesthetic. It is aristocratic, never inquisitive. He does not usually probe human nature or attempt to explore the structural problems of his art. If there is an exception to this, it will be found in his Boston murals, about which opinion is divided. The value of his portraits and watercolours is not in doubt. They will always be treasured for their masterly handling, and found wanting in deeper qualities.

In conclusion the author regrets that the only works then in Canadian public collections are what are referred to as "wretched sketches of Sir Arthur Currie and Lord Byng. Both of these must have been made in a state of extreme fatigue, and in fairness to Sargent, they should not be publicly exhibited where good examples of his work are not also at hand."

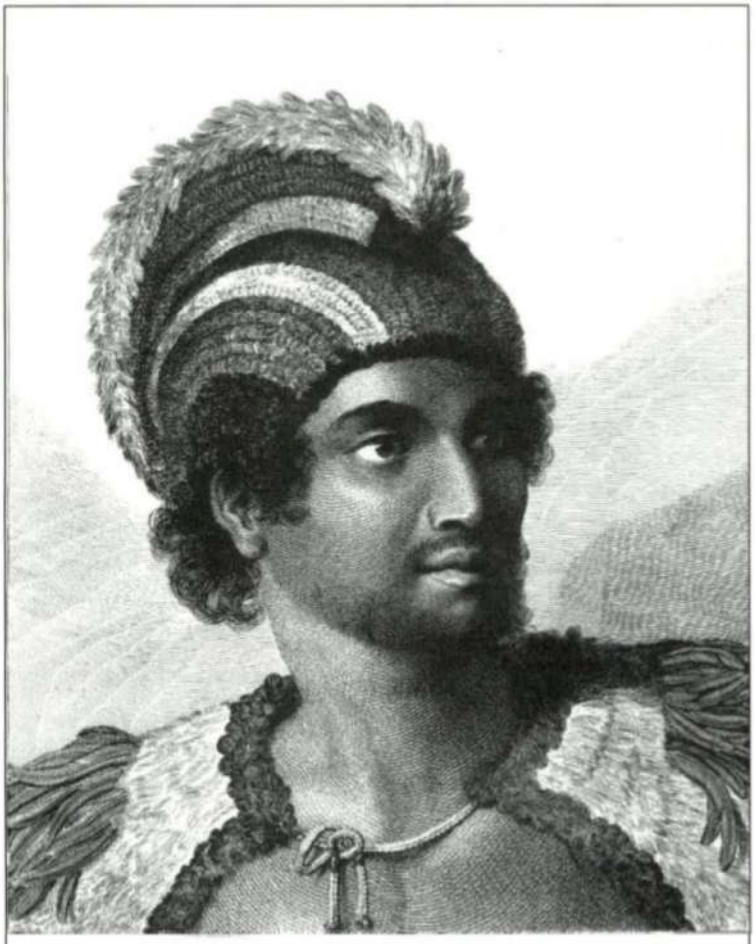
A more conservative and laudatory estimation of Sargent was presented in a talk given two years after his death by Herbert Richard Cross at the Montreal Art Association on 2 February 1927. The visiting lecturer focused, according to a contemporary newspaper report, on the artist's portraits, although he discussed Sargent's landscapes in passing, referring to them as "portraits of a place"; whether these included his Canadian subjects is not recorded.

Unlike most of the distinguished foreign artists who had painted in Canada but remained essentially unknown here, Canadians seem to have been aware of and flattered by Sargent's interest in this landscape. A lingering awareness of his Canadian work is indicated in passing references made over the following decade in various publications. Sargent's paintings of the Rockies are invoked to lend objectivity to assertions of the beauty of the sites he chose to paint. For example the *Canadian Alpine Journal* of 1921–1922 had asserted that, "*Lake O'Hara won the heart of the great painter Sargent who declared it the most beautiful lake he had ever seen*", presumably on the basis of comments the artist had made to fellow campers five summers earlier. Once again in the *Canadian Geographical Journal* of September 1930 the "*loveliness*" of Lake O'Hara is proven by its having "*attracted such great painters as Sargent.*" ◆

Bruce Hugh Russell is an art historian and independent curator living in Montreal. Last year he organized the exhibition "Pentimenti: Process in Canadian Architecture" for the Ottawa Art Gallery. He is currently completing a book, "The Other Place on the Map", exploring the visits of American modernist artists to Canada during the inter-war era.

Whatever Happened to the KANAKAS?

By Jean Barman



A MAN of the SANDWICH ISLANDS, with his HELMET.

On 7 March 1991 British Columbia's long-time Minister of Finance, Mel Couvelier, resigned on a matter of principle, unleashing a chain of events that would obliterate the ruling Social Credit dynasty. Nine days later young Tamara Dart was crowned Miss Surrey, queen of the province's second largest municipality. Strangers to each other, these two British Columbians share a common heritage. They both descend from Kanakas. Couvelier's great-great-grandfather, William Mahoi, came to the Pacific Northwest as an indigenous Hawaiian labourer in the fur trade. So did Dart's great-great-great-grandfather William Naukana.

Couvelier and Dart are just two of the many British Columbians who trace their origins to the Kanakas. Between the late eighteenth and mid-nineteenth centuries a thousand or more came to the west coast of North America as seamen, fur trade labourers, or adventurers. They began arriving almost as soon as British sea captain James Cook "discovered" the Hawaiian Islands, named by him the Sandwich Islands, in January 1778. The islands quickly became a favoured wintering and stopover point for merchant vessels, and local men – sometimes termed Owhyhees, an adaptation of Hawaiians, but more often called Kanakas, a Polynesian word meaning simply a human being or person – were soon being taken on as crew members.

"Several reasons explain why some Hawaiians decided to remain in the Pacific Northwest. Visiting seamen likely brought news of deteriorating conditions at home."

The first two-dozen Kanakas recruited for the Pacific Northwest fur trade arrived in 1811, and thereafter they worked alongside Orkneymen and French Canadians as boatmen, blacksmiths, carpenters, farm workers, mill hands, and general labourers. From 1829 to 1850 the Hudson's Bay Company even had its own agent in Honolulu to oversee trade

Mel Couvelier.

The Leader, Surrey, BC

Above: Miss Surrey 1991, Tamara Dart, centre, great-great-great granddaughter of William Naukana. Left, Doris Mocnik; right, Dana Ratzlaff.

and contract local men. Although they never seem to have been employed east of the Rocky Mountains, virtually every Pacific Northwest post had a contingent of Kanakas, repeatedly praised for their reliability, cheerful dispositions, and hard work. A Catholic priest, Father J.B.Z. Bolduc, reported from Honolulu in 1842 that "more than 500 Sandwich Islanders" were "in the services of the Company." Almost a quarter of the employees at Fort Vancouver, in present-day Washington, were Kanakas.

Several reasons explain why some Hawaiians decided to remain in the Pacific Northwest. Visiting seamen likely brought news of deteriorating conditions at home, where local people were losing their autonomy and self-respect in the face of religious and economic exploitation by outsiders. Land on the west coast of North America was plentiful, unlike the Hawaiian Islands where newcomers had acquired control over the best land. William Naukana is said to have gone back sometime in the 1850s only to find family land appropriated for a sugar plantation, and so returned to North America. Men with families by local women had personal reasons for staying in the Pacific Northwest.

Growing discrimination then drove some of the Hawaiians settled in the Oregon Territory north to British Columbia. The brunt of racism was against Blacks, but Hawaiians were also targetted. Often very dark, they were identified with the Hudson's Bay Company, viewed by newcomers as the principal obstacle to integration into the United States. Agreement on an international boundary in 1846 and the creation two years later of the Oregon Territory brought matters to a head. As described in a Hawaii newspaper, "some Hawaiians presented themselves

Below: William Naukana.

Rosemary Unger

British Columbia Archives, 3400

Fort Langley, 1859 from a sketch by E. Mallandaine.

before the proper officers, and desired to become American citizens, and be allowed to vote in the coming election on the lst of June [1849], but the Governor did not feel authorized by the existing laws of the U.S. to allow them to do it." Kanakas were excluded on the basis of federal legislation limiting naturalized citizenship to White males. The 1849 Oregon census, entitled "an enumeration of the inhabitants and qualified voters," did not count Hawaiians.

The next year Congress provided for land grants in the Oregon Territory to "every white male settler or occupant of the public lands, American half breeds included." Clearly reflecting local sentiment, Oregon's territorial delegate initially opposed giving "land to every servant of the Hudson's Bay Company, including some hundreds of Canakers, or Sandwich Islanders, who are a race of men as black as your negroes of the South, and a race, too, that we do not desire to settle in Oregon." He later moderated his position to agree that "those foreigners in Oregon, who have left the company, or shall leave it, and prove their love of our country by completing their final oath of love and allegiance, should have an appropriation, and be taken into the fold of American citizenship – aye, sir, should have a donation of land; but I am not for giving land to Sandwich Islanders or negroes. I have no fears of defining my position here." While the new Washington Territory, hived off from Oregon in 1853, only forbade marriage between Whites and Indians, in 1866 the Oregon legislature made it unlawful "for any white person, male or female, to intermarry with any negro, Chinese, or any person having one-fourth or more negro, Chinese or Kanaka blood, or any person having more than one-half Indian blood; and all such marriages, or attempted marriages, shall be absolutely null and void." The consequence of legalized racism was, according to historian Janice Duncan, that Hawaiians who remained in the American Pacific Northwest "married into various Indian tribes and disappeared from local records."

Rosemary Unger

Right: William Naukana's daughter Celia with her Hawaiian-born husband, George Napoleon Parker, and family.

In sharp contrast, Hawaiians in British Columbia possessed the same civil rights as did White males, due perhaps to the respect earned during the fur trade. So far as can be determined, their possible exclusion was never discussed. As one descendant has summed up, "I think the difference for the Hawaiians was that they were

considered to be Indians in the United States and not allowed to be citizens and the Hawaiians in British Columbia were treated as if they were Whites – they were allowed to have citizenship. When British Columbia became a province, if you were a Hawaiian, you could be a citizen, you could vote, own land, you could do everything." Thus, after San Juan Island, long in dispute between the United States and Britain, was awarded to the Americans in 1872, a number of Hawaiian families packed up. "The minute San Juan went to the United States, well they moved back here to Canada to be under Queen Victoria."

Despite the many Hawaiian names on early British Columbia's voters' lists and other public records, the comparatively menial positions that Kanakas occupied in the fur trade, their tendency to have a single name or just a nickname, and the frequency with which names were altered for ease of pronunciation makes it extremely difficult to trace men of the first generation. Even precise numbers are impossible to calculate, although contemporary sources suggest that at least a hundred, perhaps many more, settled in British Columbia. In some cases little more than a name survives to indicate an individual's presence, although in others recollections, photos, and local histories make it possible to piece together the story of a family.

Kim Seeley

George Douglas, eldest son of Maria Mahoi and a sea captain from Maine, with his wife and daughter.

Several clusters of settlement grew up in the second half of the nineteenth century, primarily in coastal areas. The oldest was near Fort Langley in the Fraser Valley. In 1841 an Oblate missionary, Father Modeste Demers, reported that, "about twenty men are employed there at agricultural activities, of whom eight are Canadians, one an Iroquois, and the others Kanakas, inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands; all having wives and children after the fashion of the country." Fur trader Jason Allard remembered a Christmas afternoon in the 1840s or 1850s when, after being invited for treats in the fort's big hall, the "women who were married to white men", were "related to the chiefs", and who clearly considered themselves superior, got into a fight with "the wives of the Kanakas". "From one imaginary insult or slight the fight was on. There was no prancing and sparring. It was run and grab for the hair of the head. A regular tug-of-war ensued. Finally they were separated by their husbands and all was peace and quietness."

Not permitted to settle next to the fort, a number of Kanakas took up land across the Fraser River near present-day Maple Ridge. The core lay with Peon Peon or Peopeo, a Hudson's Bay employee from the 1820s, who "married one of the Sub-chiefs daughters". Their older daughter, believed by Allard to be "about one of the first to be born at the first Fort", married "a Sandwich Islander" known as Nahu who worked as a river pilot. Her sister Sophie wed a Kanaka named Ohule, and Peopeo's son, Joseph Mayo, worked alongside his father and Ohule as a cooper at the fort. A fellow Kanaka known only as Chier wed a local woman named Katherine, by whom he had at least three sons, David, Joseph, and Thomas. As contracts came up for renewal, a sufficient number decided to leave the fur trade so that, by 1857, enough "free Kanakas" lived around Fort Langley for the Hudson's Bay Company to be able to request that "seven able men among their number" help transport an especially large load of goods. The Hawaiians' continuing presence is attested by the son of a Kanaka named Apnaut being elected to the Maple Ridge council in 1879. Others merged into local Aboriginal communities, as with Joseph Mayo and the Chiers.

Other Hawaiians migrated to the sawmills on Burrard Inlet, present-day Vancouver. A few families lived at Kanaka Ranch in what became Stanley Park, while some of the Nahus from Fort Langley settled at Moodyville on the Inlet's north shore, where they would become a well-known family of longshoremen. Yet others worked in and around Victoria, pre-empting land from the early 1860s, or in New Westminster or Nanaimo.

Reflecting their Island heritage and undoubtedly a desire for an independent lifestyle, many if

Congregation of St. Paul's Church on southern Salt Spring Island, likely at its completion, 1885.

not most of the Kanakas preferred one of the many Gulf Islands dotting the British Columbia coast. Subsistence farming was combined with fishing and some logging or other paid employment to get the cash needed to purchase necessities like sugar and flour. The Hawaiians became exceptionally self-reliant, planting some of the first and finest Gulf Islands' orchards, and growing and curing their own tobacco. According to a White child of these years, a Kanaka neighbour "would cut a round off a log and bore a hole right down through the middle of it and he would crush the tobacco leaves and put the leaves down in the bottom, pour a little molasses on it and a tot of rum, more tobacco leaves and right up until he had got it crammed full. I suppose that would have to set for a while. He would split the log open and he would have his long tobacco stick which they cut and smoked...."

A dozen or more families, some from San Juan Island, homesteaded on southern Salt Spring Island. Others sought out their own small island. William Naukana and his good friend and son-in-law Johnny Palua together pre-empted Portland Island. Kama Kamai and Alexander Korney, the latter born in British Columbia of a father born in Hawaii, opted for Coal Island a few miles to the south. William Hamea lived first on Salt Spring and then, in the mid-1880s, homesteaded on Russell Island just off its south coast. To the north, George Kamano settled on remote Harbledown Island.

As with Peopeo at Fort Langley, all of the Hawaiians who can be traced as having families did so with Aboriginal women or possibly the half-Aboriginal daughters of fellow Hawaiians. This marital pattern was in no way unique, paralleling that of many other early settlers in response to British Columbia's long-time shortage of White women. It has been especially difficult to find out much about these women, personal glimpses such as that from the Christmas party at Fort Langley being rare. One descendant's lament repeats itself time and again: "We don't know anything about it, we don't know who the woman was, we don't know where she was from except we think she was a Salish Indian. But we don't know, there is nothing there that we can go by. There are no records."

The studio portraits and family photographs that survive of these early families, carefully posed and neatly dressed in Victorian or Edwardian fashion, underline the importance given to respectability and to correct behaviour. From the mid-nineteenth century up to its annexation by the United States in 1898, Hawaii maintained consular offices abroad. The infrequency with which consuls at Victoria, Port Townsend, and Vancouver dealt with infractions of the law or cases of destitution by Hawaiian settlers testifies to individual and family pride. The sole British Columbia case coming to a consul's attention concerned "Kanaka Pete", sentenced to death in 1869 for having killed his Aboriginal wife and family on discovering her adultery. Even then, twenty of Vancouver Island's leading White citizens plus the Hawaiian consul unsuccessfully sought clemency due to the mitigating circumstances.

Hawaiians, particularly those on Salt Spring and nearby islands, appeared on voters' lists virtually from British Columbia's entry into

Above: Johnny Palua's son, Willie, far left, holding the Roll of Honour presented by his teacher at Isabella Point School on Salt Spring Island, 1905. The woman seated in white blouse is Willie Palua's mother, Sophie, daughter of William Naukana. (Credit: Salt Spring Island Archives.)

Confederation in 1871, indicating how early many shifted their allegiance to Canada and took British citizenship. Through naturalization, they publicly declared their intention to behave as did members of the dominant society. As passed down orally, with a touch of exaggeration, "Well our first elections here in B.C., the Hawaiians all voted. Because, when they came out to vote in them days, there were very few Whites around you see. Well there was just as many Hawaiians that voted as were White people. Those that stayed in this country see, well they got their vote."

Rosemary Unger

Johnny Palua.

In contrast to the Protestant caste of Hawaii itself, all but three of the over two hundred Hawaiians by birth or descent located in the manuscript censuses of 1881, 1891, and 1901 were Catholic, the three exceptions being daughters married to White Protestant settlers. Perhaps this was the influence of Aboriginal wives and mothers already converted, or possibly the result of the energetic and sustained Oblate missionary activity among fur trade labourers. Indeed, it was George Kamano who assisted the Oblates in constructing a mission on Harbledown Island off Fort Rupert in 1863. Hawaiian families were a mainstay of St. Paul's Church on southern Salt Spring, for which William Naukana donated the land, and other Kanakas building materials. The church's very first event was the baptism on 27 December 1885 of grandsons of Naukana and William Mahoi, whence Mel Couvelier and Tamara Dart descend. The Hawaiians' religiosity likely underlies the advice passed down to a grandson, "Don't feel bad when I go, I'm going to heaven. It is you folks that is going to be left with all the problems of the sicknesses, the politics and all this and that."

Although members of the first generation, both the Hawaiians themselves and their Aboriginal wives, were almost all illiterate, offspring so far as geography permitted attended school alongside neighbouring children. The daughters of several Salt Spring families, beginning in 1874 when Emma Palua was sent off at the tender age of four, boarded at St. Ann's Convent School in Vancouver Island's Cowichan Valley. A treasured photo of 1905 celebrates the

Maria Mahoi Fisher and daughter Mary Jane, c. 1910.

presentation of the Roll of Honour to a fifteen-year-old Salt Spring Islander, Willie Palua, of the second generation, and later school photos from southern Salt Spring often include Hawaiian descendants.

Yet, when the time came for marriage, many sons and daughters turned inward. William Naukana's eldest daughter wed her father's friend and fellow Portland Island settler Johnny Palua, almost forty years her senior. The men who Peopeo's daughters married had likely worked alongside their father. Children who grew up together sometimes intermarried, as with the Kamais and Korneys on Coal Island and the Naukanas, Mahois, and Nawanas on Salt Spring.

Hawaiians' marital choices in the second and subsequent generations were remarkably similar to those of other British Columbia families where

"Whatever happened to the Kanakas? They're alive and well in British Columbia, thank you very much."

fathers came from elsewhere and mothers were Aboriginal. Daughters had more options than did sons, owing to the continuing paucity of non-Aboriginal women and also to women's invisibility generally. Some wed another person of mixed descent or a Hawaiian, perhaps a recent arrival, but many chose White partners and over time their families became absorbed into the dominant society. Mel Couvelier's great-grandmother, Kanaka daughter Maria Mahoi, had seven children by a sea captain from Maine and then another half-dozen by the well-educated son of an Englishman and Aboriginal woman. Sons found it much more difficult to gain acceptance, and opted for Aboriginal women or other persons of mixed descent like themselves. A Cowichan woman living at Kanaka Ranch first had a daughter by a Kanaka known as Eihu, who in the 1870s worked at Hastings Mill, and then a son by another named Nahanee. Maggie Eihu twice wed White Vancouverites, whereas young Bill Nahanee chose a Squamish woman from North Vancouver.

If within two or three generations many descendants were living outwardly as Aboriginal or White, they did not necessarily lose touch with their Hawaiian origins. Elements of culture acquired through the female line, such as the hula, did not generally transfer, because of the lack of women in the first generation. Language was another early casualty. Most families spoke English, possibly in combination with the trading jargon of Chinook. According to a granddaughter, "the wife of Grandpa Naukana spoke Indian and Chinook but he wanted children to speak only English and Chinook, not Native Indian and not Hawaiian."

Other aspects of Hawaiianness survived. According to Salt Spring neighbours, the Kanakas "brought their own flag with them over here I believe, the Hawaiian flag." A love of music and a delight in playing stringed instruments were passed down in many families. "They all brought their guitars with them. I think that you could have called this a little Hawaii along here." Well into the twentieth century Gulf Island families celebrated the harvest with a luau-style event in which meat was roasted in a fire pit dug in the beach. The Naukanas and Paluas might start the party on Portland. After a week or so everyone would, so the story goes, move consecutively to the Nawanas on Salt Spring, the Kamais on Coal Island, a family on tiny Piers Island, the Hameas on Russell, and so on. "Well they sang and danced all winter until the time came to put in their crops."

Physical appearance has created another enduring bond. The daughter of a Hudson's Bay officer on San Juan Island remembered how in childhood she would frequently "meet a big kinky-haired black-faced Kanaka." A Kwakuitl recalled how a woman was considered unsuitable to be a chief's wife because, "she was the child of a man from Honolulu or some place, and he was dark brown – almost black." Such distinguishing features as being "well made" and having brown eyes, a skin colour varying from light olive to darker shades, and wavy "brownish black" hair, to borrow Captain James Cook's description of the late eighteenth century, have appeared and reappeared generation after generation. Sometimes these characteristics have been cause for prejudice and discrimination, but they have

also served to unite families and clans. The son of a man with "dark skin" who was born with "eyes that go from dark green to gray" mused approvingly that it might come from the Hawaiian link.

Perhaps several thousand British Columbians are conscious of their Kanaka origins, although numbers may be considerably larger, given that among just one extended family, the Nahanees of the Squamish Nation, some four hundred trace back to a single man. Stories remain remarkably intact, in part perhaps because most members of the first generation were illiterate and descendants have been for the most part ordinary British Columbians whose culture remains as much oral as written. Although never a clearly defined community in the sense of having formal institutions, descendants have valued their heritage, and for the most part take greater pride in being Hawaiian than in being Aboriginal, owing very likely to the greater respect accorded Hawaiians historically. Particularly since the 1970s some families have visited Hawaii, hoping, so far without success, to recover an actual as well as a spiritual link with families there. Operation 'Ohana, an Hawaiian government initiative to enroll all persons of Hawaiian ancestry into a cultural association, has been greeted with enthusiasm.

Pride has mushroomed since a somewhat spontaneous event in 1992. While some families had gotten together from time to time, a first general reunion was organized by a descendant of Stanley Park's Eihu spurred on by Canada's 125th celebrations. Although news only spread informally, over two hundred persons turned up representing virtually the entire British Columbia social, economic, and racial spectrum. Most had never met each other, but many discovered that they shared the same stories and in some cases common ancestry. Dominant physical features created a special bond. One man quipped that, while looking for a parking space, he spotted his uncle nine times even though he was long since dead. An elderly man who grew up in White Victoria told of the shame he had felt as a boy whenever his visibly Hawaiian grandmother came to visit and how he wished he had not denied her a place in his childhood. The editor of the First Nations newspaper *Kahtou* summed up the event as "a re-affirmation of ourselves". Similar reunions have been held annually, complemented by such other forms of self-assertion and recognition as a feast given by the Squamish Nation in 1995 for visiting Hawaiian paddlers. A descendants' reception was hosted by the University of British Columbia Museum of Anthropology in 1997 in conjunction with a Hawaiian exhibit. A grass roots campaign has begun, supported by the Hawaiian government, to commemorate the principal sites where Kanakas have put down roots.

Jerry Nahanee

Eihu-Nahanee family photo, c. 1903. Bill Nahanee, progenitor of the large Nahanee clan of the Squamish Nation, upper left, and his half-sister, Maggie Eihu, twice married to White Vancouverites, fifth to his left.

Whatever happened to the Kanakas? They're alive and well in British Columbia, thank you very much. Their experience belies the myth that legal discrimination must necessarily have followed historically from distinctive physical characteristics. The Kanakas were deemed citizens of Canada and behaved as such, marrying and living in ways similar to others of comparable social and economic status. Their descendants – be they politicians, beauty contestants, First Nations leaders, or ordinary British Columbians, testify strongly to the strength, durability, and variety of the Canadian fabric. ◆

Jean Barman co-edits "BC Studies" and is the author of "The West beyond the West: A History of British Columbia", published in a revised edition by University of Toronto Press in 1996. She teaches in the Department of Educational Studies at the University of British Columbia.

POSTSCRIPT

This essay belongs to British Columbia families who have shared their stories: Violet and Larry Bell, Cecile Clare, Mel Couvelier, Gladys Gardiner, Gil Garrison, Ray, Joan, and Duncan Harpur, Stan and Pauline Harris, Tom and Leila Johnston, Karey Litton, Norman and Mabel McPhee, Donna Miranda, Shirley Morrison, Carey Myers, Jimmy and Jerry Nahanee, Muriel Parker, Mary and Terry Picard, Harry and Mabel Roberts, Carolynne Sacht, Josie and Ken Seeley, Duke, Bea, and Jill Shepard, Josephine Steinbach, Sophie Tahouney, and Rosemary and Melissa Unger.

Frederick J. McEvoy

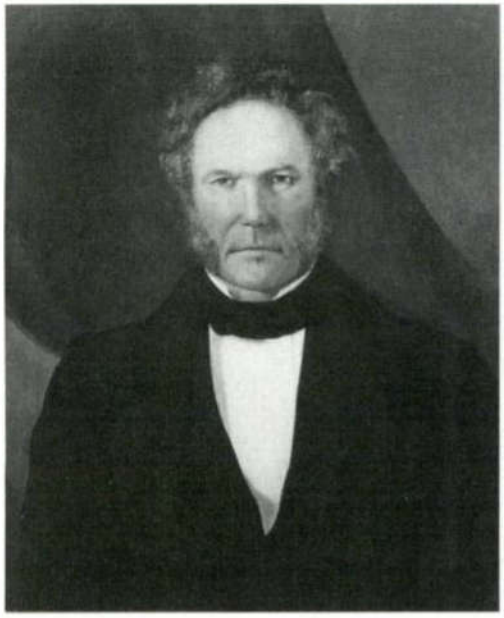
The Prophetic Voice of HENRY WENTWORTH MONK

The nineteenth century was rife with religious cults and prophets. Communal groups sprang up throughout the continent, including the Children of Peace in Upper Canada. The Millerites, followers of William Miller, waited in vain for the end of the world, ready to be swept up by the rapture that never came. So many revivals swept through one area of northern New York state that it came to be called "the burned-over district". Millennial expectations were a powerful component of mainstream evangelicalism as well as the more obscure sects. One of the most interesting of the prophets who arose during this era was a Canadian, Henry Monk, a man who devoted his life to the preaching of his vision.

Henry Wentworth Monk, from the "Montreal Daily Star", 12 May 1894. Credit: William Berry Collection, Pinhey's Point Foundation, Kanata, Ontario.

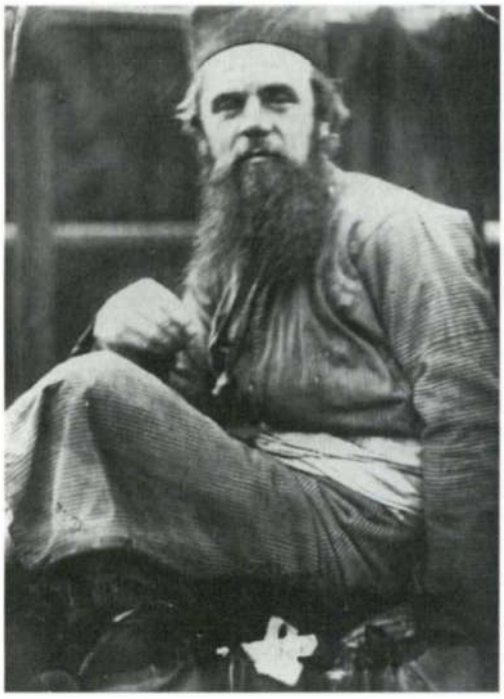
Henry Wentworth Monk, called Wenty by his family, was born on 6 April 1827, one of ten children of John Benning Monk and Elizabeth Ann Fitzgerald. The Monk family was not without prominence; Monk's great-grandfather served as Attorney-General for Nova Scotia while his grandfather was a Supreme Court judge there. His father was a captain in the British army who eloped with an Irish Catholic, bringing her to Canada in 1819 and settling on half-pay in a military settlement in March township, about twenty miles from the future city of Ottawa. Though Monk's mother remained a Roman Catholic, the children were raised as Anglicans. The solid respectability of his family background was a boon to Monk in later years, giving him an entree to circles that would have been closed to someone who was not a "gentleman".

At the tender age of seven he was sent to school in England, accompanied on the voyage by an aunt and an older sister. He attended



Pinney's Point Foundation, gift of the late David Monk

John Benning Monk, father of H. Wentworth Monk.



Science & Society Picture Library, London, JMC 11

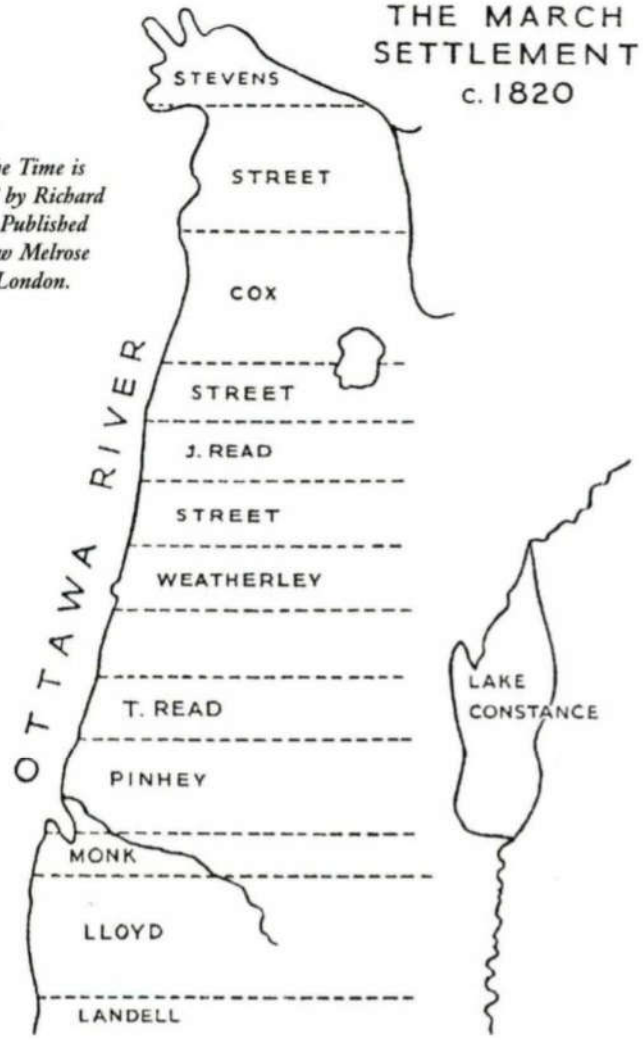
William Holman Hunt in Eastern dress by Julia Margaret Cameron, 1864.

Christ's Hospital school in London, a charitable foundation founded by Edward VI that provided free education for orphans and children of "distressed men and poor widows". The school numbered among its alumni such prominent literary figures as Samuel Coleridge and Charles Lamb. The regime there was spartan and was dominated by religion, including Bible readings, school prayers, lectures and catechism. Food rations were meagre and the boys often zealously imposed other means of self-denial on themselves. The result was an unusual amount of mental eccentricity. "The Christ's Hospital boy", Lamb wrote, "is a religious character, but this religious character in him is not always untainted with superstition."

After eight years there Monk was called home in 1842 to help on the family farm, but he no longer fitted in with rural pioneer life. He had already become interested in the cause that was to consume the greater part of his life, the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. He undertook Anglican theological studies but abandoned them after a year, thoroughly fed up with establishment religion. The clergy, he later wrote, "simply accepted straight the doctrines of the church or sect to which they belonged, and didn't appear to consider that they were called upon to find out the 'truth', and to proclaim it at all costs whether it happened to be the doctrine of the church to which they belonged or not. This was what I was resolved to do." He spent the next five years farming, but used his spare time to study the Bible, especially the Book of Revelation, and came into contact with religious movements in the northern United States that also stressed the central importance of the rebirth of Israel. Family and neighbours were not unnaturally made uneasy by the religious excitement he exhibited. Then in 1852 he underwent a conversion experience during which the key to the interpretation of Scripture was revealed to him:

> I saw clearly that the remarkable prominence of Great Britain and the United States of America was very plainly described (in the symbolical language of prophecy) as the one overwhelmingly important fact of the present time. For the great advancement of these two nations in modern progress was destined to prepare the way for "the Kingdom of God" upon earth, and make that universal righteous government now possible.... I was enabled to interpret the whole of "the Revelation" substantially from beginning to end, within one fortnight....

Describing Monk's experience, his friend William Holman Hunt, in a letter of 1855, wrote that he fell ill and experienced his vision of God in a trance. He concluded that the Scriptures "must have been written with the sort of supernatural revelation which he had had in his trance, and as all agreed he was mad he concluded that the Prophets and Apostles were mad...."



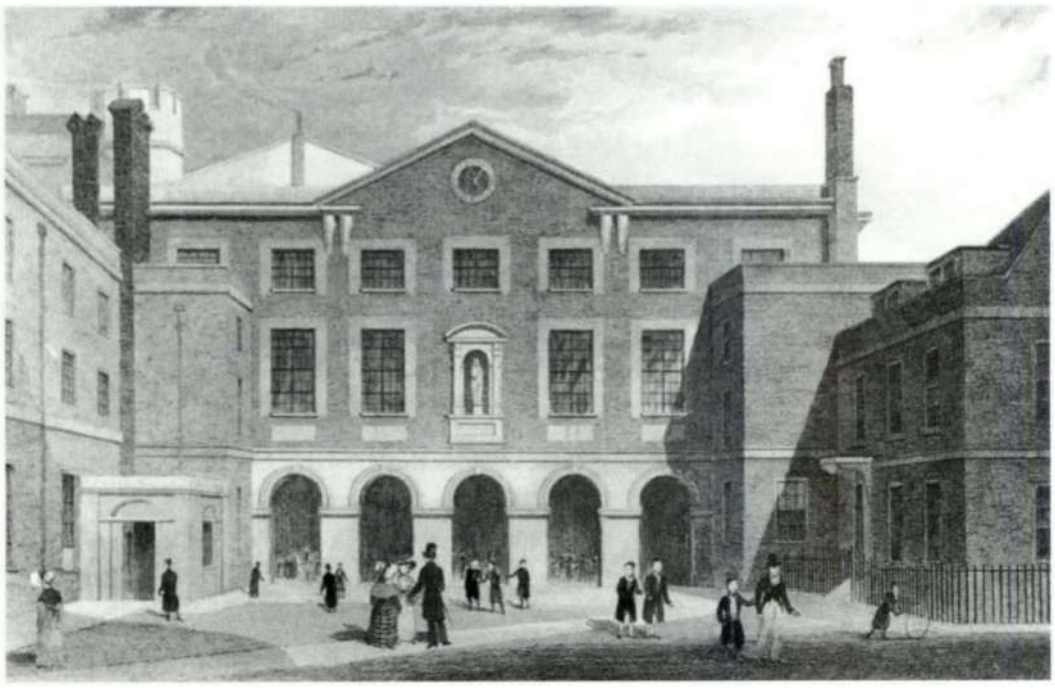
From "The Time is at Hand" by Richard Lambert. Published by Andrew Melrose Limited, London.

Monk now decided to commit himself wholly to following Christ by renouncing all worldly property and wealth. He sold his farm to his brother and, after spending some time espousing his views in New York, he set out for Jerusalem in the late summer of 1853. He worked his passage to England on a merchant ship and then wended his way to the Holy Land, arriving in 1854. There he was taken up by John Meshullam, a wealthy Jewish hotel keeper, whose goal was the reconciliation of Jews and Christians. He had established a Jewish agricultural colony in the Valley of Ourtass near Bethlehem. Monk, with his farming background, was a welcome addition.

It was here that he first met William Holman Hunt, who had come to the Holy Land to paint. Monk, Hunt wrote in his memoirs, "was regarded by Jerusalem church folks as an impious babbler, his efforts, forsooth, furthering nothing less than the actual realisation of Hebrew prophecies for the establishment of the kingdom of peace on earth." Hunt was attracted to Monk's scriptural interpretations, sharing his opposition to orthodox religion and hatred of war. Though their friendship waxed and waned, they would remain in contact for the rest of Monk's life.

In 1855 Monk returned to Canada upon hearing of his father's death. He spent the next two years working on his major piece of prophetical writing, *A Simple Interpretation of the Revelation*. In it he set forth the basis of his beliefs. Both Judaism and Christianity, he felt, had become arrogant and corrupt. In order to prepare for the coming millennium Jews and Christians had to

Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, London.



Pinhey's Point foundation

be reconciled, to provide the enlightened leadership required for Israel to become a model state in which the "true Israelites" – not just Jews but devout Christians also – would dwell in an ideal Utopian community where rich and poor would live together in harmony.

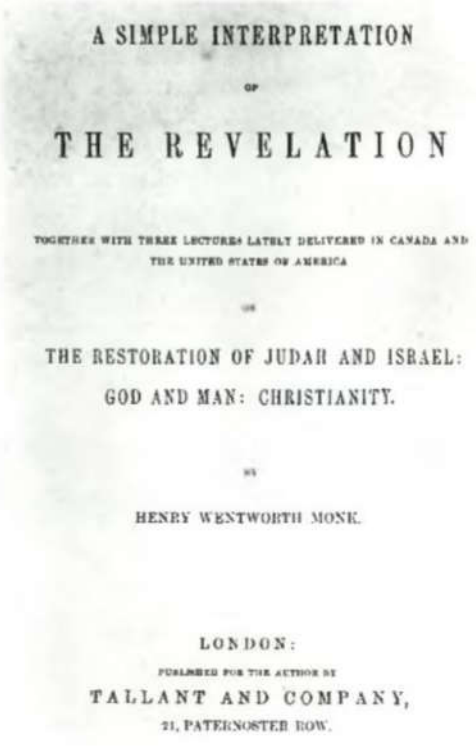
This would be aided by modern science, which he saw as the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy. Such things as railways and steamships were foretold by the Biblical authors, and were essential to the establishment of a universal government.

> Do not steam and electricity even now make near neighbours of the most distant nations of the earth? Do they not bring them so near together for all practical purposes that they can be placed under one government, so that when "out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem", it may be communicated to the most distant nations within a few hours by telegraph.

In 1858 Monk went to London to seek publication of his book. Hunt introduced him to the great Victorian art critic, John Ruskin, who was also deeply interested in Biblical prophecy and became something of a patron to Monk. Bearing a letter of introduction to Ruskin's own publisher, John Constable of Edinburgh, Monk walked from London to the Scottish capital. Constable at first turned down the book as unprofitable, but agreed to publish it when Ruskin offered to underwrite the cost. However, he cautiously refused to bring it out under his own imprint, instead having it done by a London bookseller named Tallant.

During this period of his life Monk met a number of the leading English Zionists who came to Hunt's studio to see him. Ironically, the major push for the restoration of the Jews to Palestine at this time came not from the Jewish people themselves but from devout English Christians who saw that return as the fulfillment of Biblical prophecy. However, he and Hunt began to drift apart. As the painter met with increasing worldly success he lacked the single-minded devotion to the cause that Monk professed. Monk was insistent on returning to Jerusalem but Hunt refused to go with him. Ruskin was prepared to support him but insisted on a practical demonstration of Monk's prophetic powers. He deemed a peace mission to the United States, where the Civil War was now raging, an appropriate challenge.

Rather than set out for Jerusalem Monk returned to March in 1862, where an unlikely obstacle to his mission arose – the prophet fell in love with a local woman named Anna Greene. The lady, however, had another suitor, a farmer who provided a more stable prospect than an itinerant religious zealot. Monk now faced a choice between settling down to a life of domesticity or continuing his prophetic mission. While he pondered Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation setting free the slaves. Monk took this as a divine sign and promptly set out for Washington, leaving a letter for Anna with his sister, asking her to postpone her decision. In the best tradition of Victorian melodrama, his sister judged that Monk would never make a good husband and did not post the letter.



A SIMPLE INTERPRETATION

OF

THE REVELATION

TOGETHER WITH THREE LECTURES LATELY DELIVERED IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ON

THE RESTORATION OF JUDAH AND ISRAEL:
GOD AND MAN: CHRISTIANITY.

BY

HENRY WENTWORTH MONK.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR BY
TALLANT AND COMPANY,
21, PATERNOSTER ROW.

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library and Pinhey's Point Foundation

While stopping off in Toronto, Monk met a publisher named William C. Chewett, who took great delight in tweaking respectable society's nose by publishing unorthodox opinions. Together he and Monk drew up a peace plan based on a simple compromise: the North would recognize the independence of the South, which in turn would agree to abandon slavery. In other words, each belligerent would renounce the very reason for which it had gone to war in the first place! Needless to say, this idea did not get very far.

Monk did succeed in seeing Lincoln, who received the public on three days a week, and even managed to explain his plan – though he could not refrain from muddying the waters by urging the President to support the restoration of the Jews to Palestine and presenting him with a copy of the *Simple Interpretation*. Refused permission by

the Secretary of War to travel to the South, Monk denounced the American people, declaring that, "God will cause them to be divided against themselves, party against party, ruler against ruler...", which seems more a description of the present than a prophecy about the future.

Despondent at the failure of his mission, and at not hearing from Anna, Monk returned to Jerusalem. He was no more successful there, finding little enthusiasm for his messianic plans. Indeed the authorities so tired of him that he was put on an Arab dhow for Alexandria, en route to Europe, ultimately working his passage back to Boston. However, the ship was wrecked on 24 March 1864 in a storm off Nantucket Island and Monk, a powerful swimmer, was the sole survivor. When he dragged himself ashore he was set upon by dogs and forced to climb a tree. Thinking his dogs had treed a bear, their master shot him. The repentant marksman nursed him back to health, only to find Monk had lost his memory. When that returned he gradually worked his way home, arriving in March 1865 a physical and emotional wreck. His state of mind was not helped when he found Anna was married.

Monk spent the next four years farming and recuperating from his ordeal but, suffering from severe head pains, his behaviour grew increasingly strange. He became interested in the possibility of flight, constructing several model flying machines, one of which he unsuccessfully tested, though escaping without further injury. In 1868 he was arrested in Ottawa for uttering threats and was committed to the Rockwood Asylum. The cause of his insanity was recorded as "religion", manifesting itself in recurrent mania and religious delusions, most notably by "disposing of his property to persons who had no claim"! Following his discharge on 29 August 1868 he went to the United States where he visited various unorthodox religious groups, returning home in 1870. That summer the Ottawa Valley was devastated by a fire which threatened Ottawa itself. Monk saw this as a sign of the spiritual fire to come, with the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War marking its commencement.

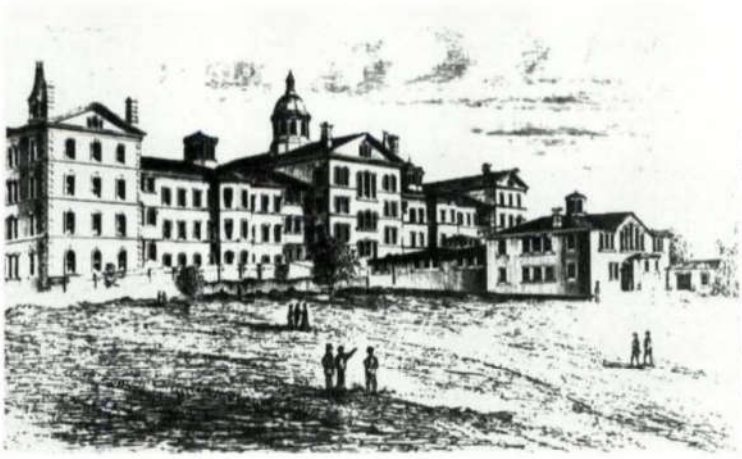
In 1872 he returned to London where, with financial backing from Hunt and Ruskin among others, he published what was to be the first of a series entitled *Our Future*. He sought to prove that evolution confirmed rather than overturned the Biblical account of creation, and also advocated the establishment of a permanent International Court of Arbitration based in Palestine, with all nations represented. Such a body would result in the disbandment of standing armies and perpetual peace. This was an idea Monk would pursue for the rest of his life. In 1873 he suffered a relapse having, according to Hunt:

> a serious fit of madness such as spite of a generally recognized state of craziness in him I should not have expected.... He has done me the honour of badgering me liberally and was so inconsiderate in his interruptions and in other movements that I was obliged in the end to remonstrate with him somewhat angrily.... [Monk was] a man in the world interesting from the possession of a wild genius, a soul of spotless innocence and withal afflicted – or blessed – by Providence with a mind bewildered by dreams which make the images in his brain confused and profitless to all else and perhaps to himself too, in this world.

Hunt lamented that "a man so earnest – so innocent and with so much genius should be thus thrown away for all useful purpose as he seems to be."

By now Ruskin too was becoming disillusioned with Monk, once again demanding some proof of his prophetic power. "Prove to me that you have the slightest insight into the workings of my mind and heart, when they are not open to public inspection", he insisted. "You appear to me to be mad, but for aught I know, I may be mad myself." In the event Ruskin withdrew his financial support, no further installments of the series appeared, and Monk returned to Canada, leaving a furious Ruskin to pay his accommodation bill.

This led to an acerbic exchange of correspondence between the two, with Ruskin sardonically asserting that "a prophet should rather manifest his divine mission by providing himself miraculously with meat and drink, than by lodging in widows' houses without in any wise multiplying their meal for them, and then leaving other



Archives for the History of Canadian Psychiatry & Mental Health Services, Toronto / Griffin Slide Collection, No. VI-8

The institution opened in 1856 was originally the Rockwood Asylum for the Insane. It was later known as the Ontario Hospital, Kingston.

National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

Henry Wentworth Monk. Oil on canvas. 53.3 cm x 67.3 cm (21" x 26 1/2") William Holman Hunt.

people to pay his bill." Monk indignantly responded that he had preached "the Righteousness of God" for twenty years and had proved "by actual experiment that none among the men of this generation can be induced to enter the Kingdom of Heaven until the predicted 'time of trouble'...." The eminent art critic was not impressed, dismissing this reply as "an interesting and somewhat pathetic example of religious madness, not a little, however, connected with mismanagement of money." Befriending a prophet, both Ruskin and Hunt found, was not a comfortable situation.

Once back in Ottawa Monk began to write a series of articles for the *Ottawa Citizen* on "Questions of the Day" which he used to promote his views on Palestine. He wanted Britain to purchase Palestine from Turkey and establish Jerusalem as the capital of Christendom and seat of international government, with the necessary financial assistance to be obtained from wealthy Christians and Jews. To this end he set up a Palestine Restoration Fund which he saw as the first step towards world federation, to be achieved by negotiation as Confederation in Canada had been achieved in 1867.

He sought supporters for his manifesto who

By courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London

John Ruskin, 1879, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer.

would pledge ten per cent of their income to that end. Unbelievably, Ruskin signed the pledge but it was now Hunt's turn to doubt Monk's "heavenly credentials". Monk, who seems never to have lacked self-confidence, replied: "The ability to accomplish the work required should be enough to satisfy you, if you are reasonable! My information and experience, obtained by persistent effort during the past quarter of a century, makes it easy enough to do the work, as soon as others supply the funds required." That, of course, was the problem, as Monk was continually dependent upon others for money, not only for his projects but for his own living expenses.

"He sought to run for Parliament in the 1887 election, naively asking the Liberals and Conservatives to arrange his acclamation for one of the Ottawa seats."

In 1880 Monk returned to England to pursue his goal. Hunt, who by now had relented and signed on, helped him draw up a revised manifesto which they sent to Ruskin. He had once again changed his mind, however, and now denounced the "vaporescence of men like Monk ... let him use his eloquence to convert some of the Rothschilds – and buy up Palestine as an investment." In 1881 the weekly paper *Jewish World* began to publish a series of Monk's letters, which were bolstered by pseudonymous offerings from Hunt. For the next three years Monk carried on a debate through the *World*'s columns, sending copies to influential Jews and Christians. However there was little financial support, even from Jews, many of whom considered Palestine too barren and unproductive for settlement, preferring to encourage Jewish emigration to North America.

Monk received support from his old friend Chewett in Toronto, as well as what was probably unwelcome advice. "My idea is", Chewett wrote, "that you cannot hasten events profitably. You are very zealous, but I feel your zeal is not always as temperate as it should be, and while devoting yourself to God's work, you sometimes neglect your own." The concept of "temperate zeal" would be an oxymoron to a man like Monk. Hunt showed a better understanding of his friend when he wrote to the *Jewish World* that Monk "has lived solely for this [the rebirth of Israel], regarding all other ambitions as trivial.... All the greatest changes in the world have been advocated by so-called madmen" – a change in the opinion he had expressed in 1873. Hunt had his own reasons for caution, however, asking Monk not to reveal his fifty-pound contribution to the cause because "I have not yet told my wife."

Monk now advertised the establishment of a "Bank of Israel" with capital of ten million pounds divided into ten-pound shares. The money would be used to aid the Jews of Russia, then suffering persecution, and invested for profit to finance a "Dominion" of Israel based on the Canadian precedent. The Turkish Empire would be liquidated just as seigneurial tenure had been abolished in Quebec, both being "antiquated" obstacles to progress. Once again this appeal had little result. "You are wasting your life on a chimera", Chewett pleaded, "and if you live to be as old as the Wandering Jew himself, you will not see Jews wandering back to Palestine, or the restoration of the Kingdom of Israel." On that score the visionary proved more far-sighted than the pragmatist.

Monk turned to Chewett for money, only to be urged to "settle down on a farm and work for your living, and let the Jews take care of themselves." This time he listened, at least to the extent of returning to Canada in 1884. Rather than settle down, however, he devoted the remainder of his life to the cause of world peace. In July 1885 the *Ottawa Citizen* printed his advocacy of an International Tribunal to settle contentious issues. He sent a copy to the Prime Minister, Sir John A. Macdonald, who replied:

> The insuperable difficulty in carrying it out seems to be that there are no means of enforcing the decisions of such a tribunal. By slow degrees, however, the principle of arbitration seems to gain force. English example in the matter of the Alabama claims, and also in other dealings with the United States, has, I have no doubt, aroused the attention of other civilized nations to the subject. I do not see, however, that any action on the part of Canada can be of any avail in aiding in the establishment of an International Tribunal.

Monk disagreed, pointing out in a further letter to the Prime Minister that in creating a tribunal the nations would agree to be bound by its decisions. He drew a parallel to the United States, where the sovereign states combined under one general government. "Why should we not now have practically United Nations as well as United States?" Canada should take a lead role, as it was in her interest to avoid destructive

warfare. Furthermore, in a tribunal as envisaged by Monk, Canada would have a distinct voice. He unalterably opposed the concept of Imperial Federation, which was becoming popular in some circles, as bound to increase the jealousy of Britain felt by other European nations. Rather, the English-speaking nations would exert influence in a wider body with countries like Canada and Australia "being entitled to be fairly represented in the world's councils as well as the British Isles proper, and India, etc."

This exchange would indicate that Macdonald took Monk seriously enough to respond in a reasonably detailed way. However, in further correspondence with Macdonald, which continued until the latter's death, Monk became increasingly out of touch with reality. Several letters in the Macdonald Papers are identified on the back, probably by Macdonald's secretary, as being from "H.A. [*sic*] Monk, Crank". He continually pressed not only for the establishment of a tribunal but for his own appointment as the Canadian negotiator since "nearly thirty-three years of special training... qualified me to accomplish this grand work myself." In September 1885 he sent Macdonald his plan for the division of Palestine as outlined in the Book of Ezekiel, offering him "the opportunity to fairly earn for yourself a position among 'the Nobles of Israel' ". Some of these letters were written in a vaguely threatening tone that may reflect the state of mind that led to his incarceration in 1868.

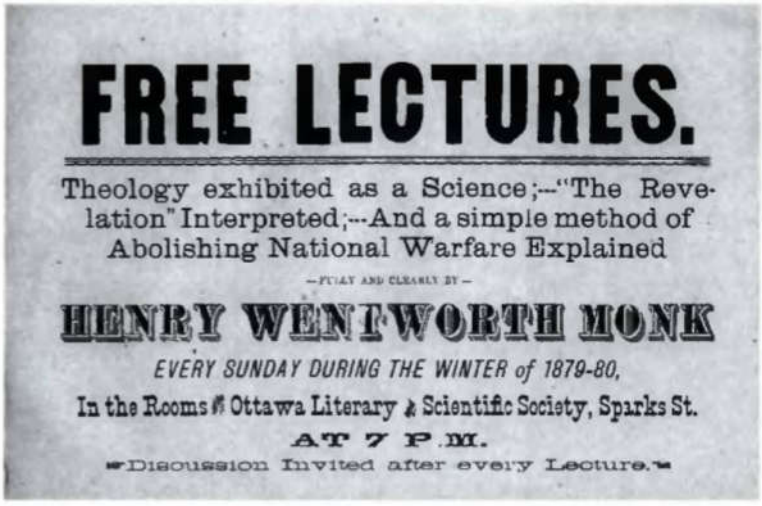
He sought to run for Parliament in the 1887 election, naively asking the Liberals and Conservatives to arrange his acclamation for one of the Ottawa seats. He also urged Queen Victoria to mark her Golden Jubilee by convening a conference of the great powers to discuss disarmament. In November 1889 he lobbied Macdonald for a Senate appointment, "as a stepping stone to a much more important position", and continually importuned the prime minister to introduce a motion in the House concerning the establishment of a tribunal and Monk's own appointment as negotiator.

By now Monk had become an Ottawa institution, "the philosopher of the capital", as the *Montreal Star* called him, regularly to be seen sitting in a small park near Parliament Hill where he could regale passersby, friends and strangers alike. As the *Ottawa Journal* noted after his death, "his venerable appearance, flowing white beard and silvered locks combined to make a striking figure. In favourable weather he generally strolled about, hat in one hand, umbrella in another and his coat thrown over his arm." Though conversant in many subjects, any talk "generally verged into some of his own hobbies."

Although this is a picture of a man not to be taken seriously, his ideas were not totally without influence. On 23 March 1896 Senator Charles Boulton moved a resolution in the Senate advocating the formation of a permanent International Tribunal and praising Monk who, despite his eccentric appearance, "is entitled to respect by this Hon. House and by the country at large." Speakers that followed dismissed the scheme as a "beautiful dream" with little practicality, and Boulton withdrew his motion.

Monk died on 24 August 1896, from blood poisoning caused by an infected scratch on his leg. Feisty to the end, his last manifesto was addressed to the Jewish people, asking to be accepted as their agent to demand the restoration of Palestine. "His unselfish and noble pleading of Israel's cause", an editorial in the *Jewish World* asserted, "merit long remembrance." In that same issue of 25 September 1896 his old friend William Holman Hunt wrote the following:

> to more practical-minded men he was a troublesome monomaniac; indeed, it would be impossible to pretend that he conformed to the ordinary modern standard of sanity, yet I believe the hasty judgement upon him should not be left unchallenged.... Perhaps the activity of Mr. Monk may meet with more open acknowledgement, or it may simply permeate men's minds, and work like leaven to prepare them for the coming changes which all agree are impending in the world. ◆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William Berry Collection, Pinhey's Point Foundation.

Frederick J. McEvoy is a writer living in Gloucester, Ontario. He is currently writing a biography of Henry Wentworth Monk.

A letter to Antoine

By Adrienne Leduc

Antoine, my dearest Antoine:

Like parts of a jigsaw puzzle, I now have your life's story complete. Some pieces will be missing forever, their places blank, filled in only by my imagination.

I know that you were a coureur de bois, which during the French Regime meant someone who traded without a licence. It is not difficult for me to imagine you running the rapids, standing in the stern of a three-man canoe, guiding your craft down the white water through a passage no more than several feet wide. One false stroke or too weak a turn of your wrist at the critical moment would mean disaster. You signal your companions, there is no time for thought as your canoe speeds into the eddying rush. Faster and faster you go, your eyes trying to absorb the rushing scene, the rocks, the big green cone of water, the tumultuous rising and sinking of the foaming waves. The smooth-running pools suddenly open into great gurgling chasms and you give your paddle a convulsive twist, stabbing air instead of water. Your craft speeds ahead through the raging rapids and down a chute with the power of a thundering stampede of horses. Did you have a sense of dizzy, breathless intoxication?

My obsession with you started in 1967, Canada's centennial year. Like others in the village of Pine Grove in Vaughan Township, Ontario, our family took part in community projects. Caught up in centennial fever I wondered how many generations there were of my husband's Canadian ancestors. Who was the first Leduc to arrive in New France?

It became clear to me that you had a taste for adventure. You made your own birchbark canoe and learned to paddle it up and down the waterways with matchless prowess as you turned to the fur trade.

Consulting the Quebec National Archives, I traced back nine generations and found you, Antoine. Your name jumped out at me from the 1666 census of Cap-de-la-Madeleine, near Trois-Rivières. I began tracing your movements and activities. I visited the farm at Cap-de-la-Madeleine where you worked. I learned about your earlier departure from Normandy. Marvelling at your daring, I decided to search further and document your life.

Back at the Quebec archives I found unpublished documents and notary records – boxes and boxes of files. Soon, part of seventeenth-century Canada lay in fragments before me on the table tops. I held my breath as the past moved under my fingertips. Although only one side of each quill-written page was filled, the archaic French writing was difficult to read and sometimes I automatically turned over a page hoping it would spill unexpected data.

Right: Miniature reconstruction, dated 1940, of the original chapel at Cap-de-la-Madeleine, Quebec.

Colour photographs by the author.

Eventually, Antoine, documents from various archives provided vivid glimpses of your life. I strolled through your fields at harvest time and poked my nose into your granaries. You once bought a three-year-old pregnant black cow on credit, paying 20 *livres* for three consecutive years. Your homestead at Grondines, upriver from Quebec, was 80 *arpents* (approximately the same as today's acres) in size, and you were obliged to pay 40 *sous* in silver and two capons each year as your seigneurial dues.

I now looked upon you as a dear friend, no longer just a name in some corner of the archives. Visits to the areas where you once resided gave me an understanding of you and the century in which you lived. You farmed in several settlements on both sides of the St. Lawrence River; but you were restless and several times cancelled previously made contracts with seigneurs.

It became clear to me that you had a taste for adventure. You made your own birchbark canoe and learned to paddle it up and down the waterways with matchless prowess as you turned to the fur trade. On journeys to distant Indian tribes, in which hardships and thrills were about equally combined, you bartered merchandise and *eau-de-vie* (brandy) for furs. Squatting, legs cramped, and surrounded by bales of goods or furs, you paddled hour after hour from dawn to dusk, pausing occasionally to smoke your pipe. Gnawing hunger, paralyzing fatigue, the mute cruelties of nature at its harshest all failed to kill your zest. Blithely disregarding restrictions, you became an outlaw as you voyaged and traded under the threat of fines, imprisonment, and even death.

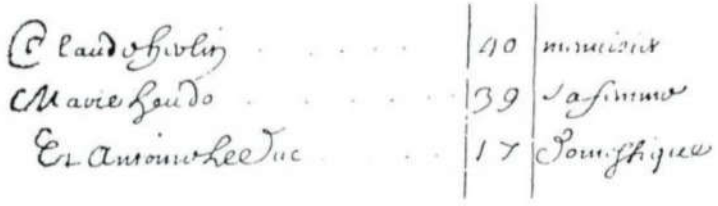
Like many of your contemporaries, you were among the most colourful figures in Canadian history, but you have remained unknown to all but a few. You were illiterate and history tends to overlook those who left no written account of their exploits But you brought romance and colour to this land. I want to acknowledge that, to do justice to your memory, and I want to thank you. You are an unsung contributor to our culture, an obscure hero who fought battles, interpreted for Indians and Europeans and, as an ardent canoeist, helped to bring half a continent into a modern age.

It has often been a tedious task delving into the past. Yet, I know that it was you, and the likes of you, who opened up this continent, reaching as far south as the Gulf of Mexico. I want to know how you lived, what you hoped for, what you feared, what it was like to live in your time – I want to add your adventures to the pages of history. You did things few people today would think of doing.

Windmill at Grondines, built in 1674, and still standing.

Being raised a Catholic, I read with interest about the political involvement of the Catholic Church in seventeenth-century New France and how you were affected by the feud between Governor Frontenac and Bishop Laval. The weakness of the Governor when it came to controlling the coureurs de bois and stopping the barter of *eau-de-vie* was the result of the government's dependence on the fur trade as its chief source of revenue.

You did certain things of which I would not always have approved. Edicts were proclaimed against you, your partners, and the merchants who furnished your supplies. Ordinances were made against persons who knew of your whereabouts but would not inform the authorities. But deterrents and penalties counted for nothing



Claude Herlin	*40 [years]*	*menuisier [woodworker]*
Marie Houde	*39*	*Sa femme [his wife]*
Antoine Leduc	*17*	*Domestique [servant]*

From the 1666 census at Cap-de-la Madeleine, New France. (National Archives of Canada.) The two letters preceding Antoine Leduc's name have not been interpreted.

From: "Toronto During the French Régime" by Percy J. Robinson, University of Toronto Press, second ed. 1965. Published with permission.

Rapid of La Dalle (Leduc Décharge), French River, Ontario.

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library, T1451

compared to the attraction of adventure, and you continued your illicit traffic in furs and brandy.

Eventually, the authorities gave you an ultimatum: either you married within two weeks after the arrival of the ships that carried the *filles du roi* (girls sent by Louis XIV to populate the colony) or you were not allowed to leave the settlement. That is when you decided to get married, choosing Jeanne in 1671, an orphan, for your wife. Like the 800 or so other *filles du roi*, her journey was financed by France's royal treasury. I identified with Jeanne when I learned she had embarked for this distant land knowing little of what to expect. Almost 300 years later I, too, had set out on a similar journey, at government expense, crossing the Atlantic Ocean on the *Queen Mary* with a thousand other Canadian war brides.

In the course of time you became father to three children. Then, in 1682, you sold two bulls and made a will leaving 500 *livres* (an amount equal to the price of 3 small cottages) to your wife. Were you planning another voyage? Indeed! But this time your voyage was legal and I did not have to worry about your being caught. Governor Frontenac was now granting fur trading permits to 25 seigneurs each year. They formed partnerships, equipped canoes and hired men. The notary record revealed that you were to set off with five others for the Great Lakes. You and your companions each had permission to carry a musket, one white blanket, a hood, four shirts and a pair of leggings to trade for profit.

I became familiar with the early fur trading routes, and discovered that, in order to avoid twenty portages along the Ottawa and French River from Montreal to Georgian Bay, you had paddled to Lake Ontario. You and your comrades stopped at Teiaiagon (now Baby Point in Toronto) where you were attacked by the Senecas – but kept your scalps! Continuing, you had to portage along the east bank of the Humber River because it was crammed with beaver dams. You reached Georgian Bay and the island of Michilimackinac. Singing folk songs to the dip of your paddle – forty-five to forty-eight strokes a minute – you had covered thousands of *lieues*. (In Canada one *lieue* equals three kilometres.)

One day, as I gathered this information, a kind of tingling ran through my body. I knew I was at the intersection of two stories – the vertical story of the past and the horizontal story of the present. I needed to look at the map of Teiaiagon again to confirm what my intuition had already told me. You had travelled along the Humber River which ran right behind my former home in Pine Grove, Ontario. Now you had really come to life for me.

"French Farms", from "Picturesque Canada", 1882.

I had problems finding your birthplace, Antoine. Believing that you were born in Louvetot, near Caudebec-en-Caux on the banks of the Seine River, I visited there; but their records showed no trace of you or your relatives. I kept writing letters to France. No longer searching for an elderly ancestor, or a friendly neighbour, I was now searching for an infant – my child. Finally, after several years, I learned from the archives' director in Rouen that there was another Louvetot in the region, a hamlet with only a few homes. Situated halfway between Dieppe and Rouen, this Louvetot had, years ago, been amalgamated with a neighbouring village called Grigneuseville.

Anxiously I wrote to the mayor there. One unforgettable day he confirmed that the Louvetot registers of the seventeenth century were dotted with the names of your parents, grandparents and siblings. I made the trip to Normandy again and, in the mayor's office in Grigneuseville, eagerly copied your genealogy from the brittle pages of the Louvetot registers.

Your Louvetot is still a sandy crossroads, with embankments on both sides to protect its farmland. I found your church, Sainte-Marie-Madeleine, constructed in the thirteenth century of flintstone and *torchis* (a mixture of clay and straw). Its small cemetery contains the graves of your parents. Were you, ever told that your mother passed away in April 1673? Or that your father, Jean, and your brother, Jean, who was a priest, met their death in a house fire on Christmas Day 1675? Did they have any idea of your whereabouts as they lay dying?

Inside the church is a rather long epitaph to your great-uncle, who was for many years the parish priest of Louvetot (as you know he died in 1626). The headstone includes his request that after his death a Mass be celebrated every Ash Wednesday while five candles burn on the tombstone. Now Mass is celebrated only twice a year, on the holy day of the hamlet's patron, Sainte-Marie-Madeleine, and on All Saints' day.

My visit to this church where you were baptized was a moving moment. It is the only building you frequented that is still standing. My heart went out to your mother, Françoise. How many times did she pray here for her adventurous young son? It must have been hard for her when you, with your curiosity about ships, hired yourself out as a sailor, leaving your homeland forever to cross the Atlantic on a man-of-war.

Recently the square in front of the church was dedicated to you and now bears a plaque with your name. Afterwards, French authorities had the church renovated and declared a historic monument.

In the summer of 1994, fifty (of the thousands and thousands) of your North American descendants went on a pilgrimage to Louvetot. As we gathered under a calm grey sky in front of the

church, strong gusts of wind made us gasp for air. Was it your spirit, Antoine? Were you giving us a sign? Later, at a festive dinner attended by more than a hundred guests, I was honoured for my research accomplishments and presented with a plaque. I had never imagined that this reunion would take place.

According to the history books you died on one of your voyages. But where? Had your comrades erected the usual wooden cross to mark your resting place? When would I be able to put you to rest?

One day, at the Toronto Metropolitan Reference Library I saw a painting by Major J. E. Woolford, of some rapids on the French River, called "Leduc Décharge". In vain I searched maps of that area to find the location of those rapids. As a last resort I wrote to Jim Sheppard, a diver who had searched the French River for seventeenth-century artifacts, and enclosed a photograph of the painting. He replied, sending a map marked with the exact spot depicted in the painting. As I read his letter I could almost hear your voice, Antoine, telling me about your last journey.

It was the summer of 1687. Nearly 3,000 men converged in the sheltered harbour of Irondequoit Bay on Lake Ontario. You and your companions were trading at Michilimackinac when you received Governor Denonville's orders. The Governor, bringing French regulars and militia, arrived the same day as contingents of Christian Indians and coureurs de bois approached from the west. The timing was perfect to attack the enemy Senecas, who quickly retreated.

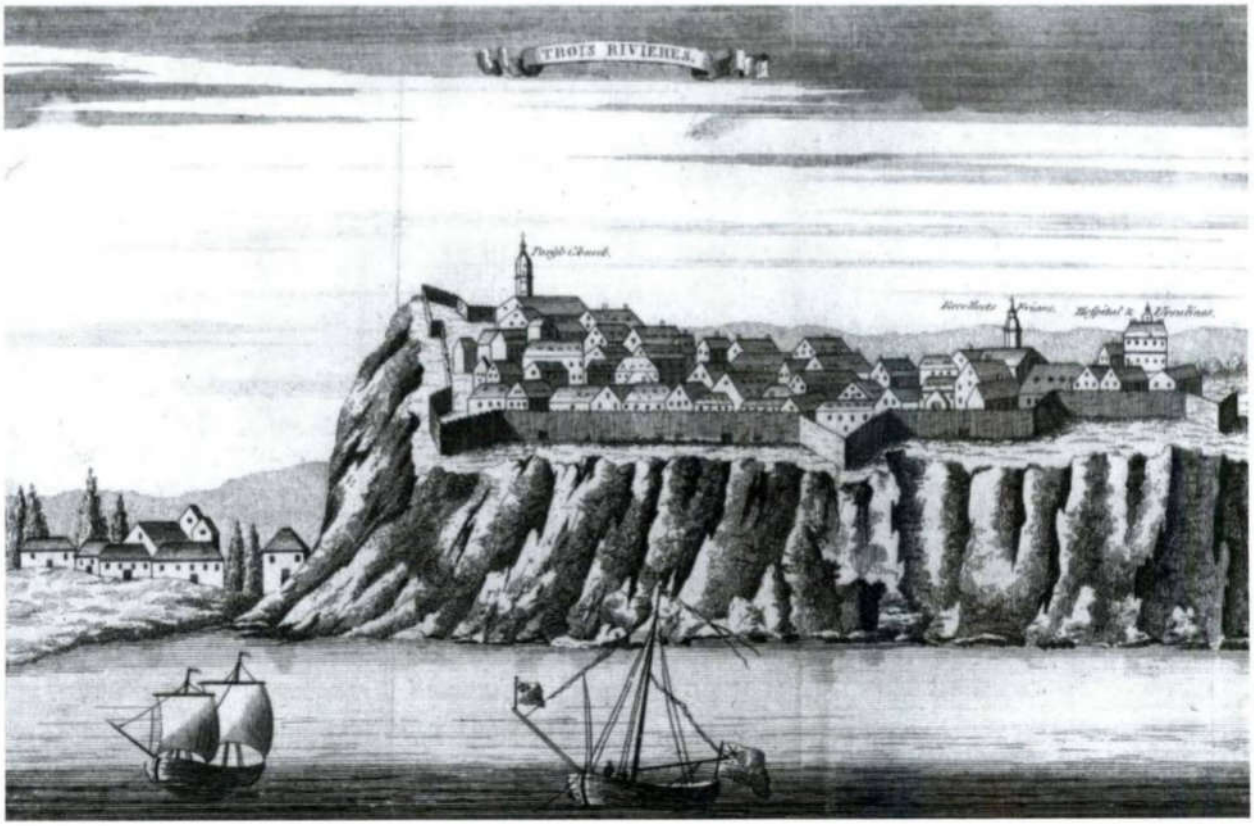
Afterwards you returned to Michilimackinac to pick up your furs. You were eager to get home before the weather changed. From Georgian Bay you entered the mouth of the French River and battled the current as you were pursued by wandering Senecas. Did you slip on the bare wet rocks as you portaged at the rapids? Or were you attacked by the Senecas? I will never know.

Antoine, it has been many weeks since I looked at my manuscript, but recently I have picked it up again. I am in awe at the sheer bulk of research material that I have collected about you. Now that I know about your death, I must set down those elements essential to completing your tale. I will try to recapture your inner world and fill in the remaining gaps to finish the last pages of my story. Even after it is done I shall always remember the years we spent together. I will miss you!

Yours truly,

A.L. (1995)

Adrienne Leduc of Vancouver is a researcher/writer. Her novel, "Antoine: coureur de bois", has been published by Mazarin Publications, North Vancouver.



Trois-Rivières, Quebec, c. 1759.

National Archives of Canada, C-99333

"Oh, Christmas Tree, Oh, Christmas Tree"

Mahone Bay Settlers' Museum, Nova Scotia

Harriet Bruhm and her daughter Louisa sit beside their natural, uncultivated Christmas tree in Mahone Bay, Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, 1916.

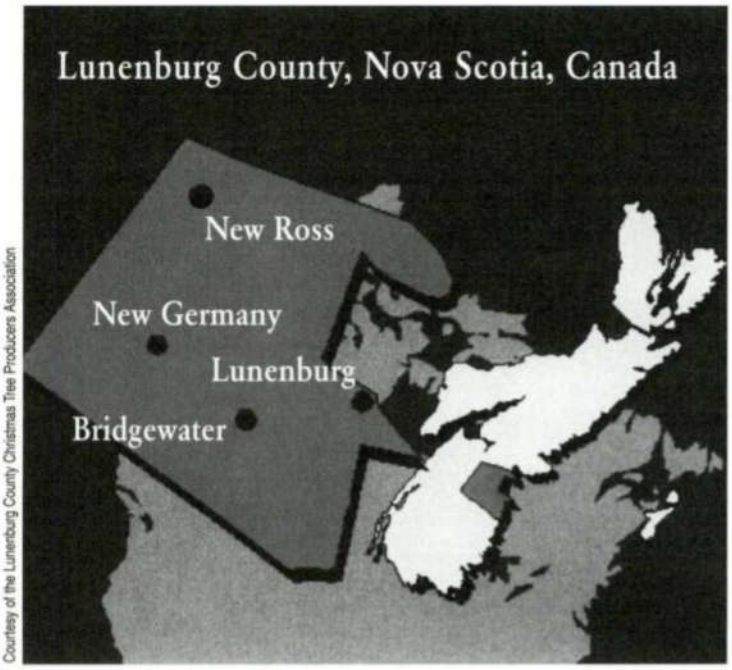
The Boom Years of the Tree Trade in Lunenburg County

By R. Blake Brown

Each fall over a million Christmas trees are shipped from Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia to the United States. The economic activity of the county moves into a higher gear as whole families cut and prepare balsam fir for shipment. The Christmas tree trade began in Nova Scotia in the early part of this century, and experienced a boom in the years preceding 1960. During the 1950s, Lunenburg County sent a greater number of trees than it had shipped before or since. While the industry remains important to rural Nova Scotia today, the boom period saw an unprecedented number of trees, over three million annually, sent south of the border to the delight of Christmas revellers in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

Canada's first decorated Christmas tree on record was in the house of Major-General Friedrich-Adolphus von Riedesel in Sorel, Quebec in 1781, and it remained a predominantly German tradition well into the last century. The first known Christmas tree in the United States dates back to the early 19th century when Dutch immigrants brought the tradition to Pennsylvania. During the 1830s and 1840s the custom spread throughout the United States, and was encouraged when Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, included the custom in the royal Christmas festivities of 1841. As the Christmas season became increasingly commercialized, retailers were quick to use the symbols of Santa Claus and Christmas trees to help sell their products. The custom quickly became popular so that by 1868 the *Halifax Evening Express* commented that the Christmas tree "is now one of the most popular and universally adopted 'institutions'."

As the practice spread rapidly throughout North America, fulfilling the demand for this new product was relatively easy until the early part of this century. The first recorded retail tree lot appeared in the United States as early as 1851,



Courtesy of the Lunenburg County Christmas Tree Producers Association

Lunenburg County, whose people proudly call it the "Balsam Fir Christmas Tree Capital of the World."

but the mainly rural population of North America generally did their own harvesting. Local farmers and woodsmen living near cities filled any excess demand by bringing wagonloads of trees into towns to be sold by local retailers. For the port cities of the eastern seaboard, this supply was further supplemented by schooners bringing trees down the coast. Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, with its traditional ties to the Boston area, took advantage of this early shipborne trade. In 1898 it was reported: "Another new industry has started in Yarmouth – the shipment of spruce Christmas trees to Boston."

By the turn of the century increasing urbanization meant that many large American cities demanded more trees than local rural areas could provide, and this insufficient supply led to increased prices. In New York it was noted that "even well-to-do families will hesitate before buying a Christmas tree at the prices now being asked in the downtown markets." As a result, American tree buyers searched further and further for potential tree-growing areas to help meet the demand. In 1905, the first trees were sent from New Brunswick, when Moe Cohan sent six railroad flatcars piled with trees from Fredericton to Boston. Soon after, when it was recognized as an excellent source for balsam fir, the fledgling Christmas tree industry expanded into Nova Scotia.

In 1914 or 1915 the Christmas tree trade appeared in Lunenburg County. The *Bridgewater Bulletin* made its first mention of the tree trade in November 1915: "A large number of Christmas trees are being stacked near the railway station to be shipped to Boston." This date coincides with a story from an anonymous source who recalled what might have been the first trees sent from Lunenburg County:

> I can quite well remember the first Christmas trees that were cut in the county. In fact I was connected with it in a very small way. It was about 1914 or 1915, as near as I can remember, a man from New York by the name of Fred Crosby came in here to cut Christmas trees.
>
> Someone sent him to Albert Hebb to look into the possibility of cutting Christmas trees in Conquerall Mills [south of Bridgewater]. At first Albert laughed at him as the idea of cutting fir bushes and shipping them to New York seemed pretty far fetched. However, ... different land owners, ... agreed to let him go over their land and see what he could get. They were only fir bushes anyway and worthless, so what the hell. If they could get a little out of them it was better than nothing. So go ahead.

Despite its perhaps inauspicious beginning, the industry developed quickly in Lunenburg County over the next decade as more American buyers came to Nova Scotia in search of trees. In 1917 "Six carloads of Christmas trees left here [Bridgewater] on a train last week for the United States. A huge pile is now accumulating at the station for shipment." It was reported in 1924 that George Rowohlt of New York bought 50 carloads of trees in Lunenburg County, while in 1927 Alfred Mysherall of Massachusetts shipped 150 carloads from the county. Though a shadow of what it would become, the Christmas tree export business was certainly well underway in 1925, with as many as 300,000 fir and spruce trees shipped from the South Shore of Nova Scotia in that year.

During the 1920s and 1930s the industry took shape in Lunenburg County. In mid to late October farmers and landowners took to their woodlots and fields, and busily began harvesting trees. Often teams of three men worked together: a "cutter", a "dragger", and a "tier". The cutter roamed through an area in search of trees worth taking. The dragger found the fallen trees and pulled them over the rough ground to where the tier was working. Of the three, the dragger needed the least experience. For him, all that was required was quick feet and stamina.

The tree tier, on the other hand, was the most skilled. Once the dragger delivered the trees to him, the tier organized them according to size, which controlled the number in each bale. Trees between two and three feet in height were often tied in bales of eight, while trees between nine

and eleven feet were placed in bundles of two, and the typical house trees of between seven and eight feet were tied in bundles of four. Once the appropriate number of trees was piled on top of one another, the tier straddled them. First the butts were tied together, then the tier made his way up the trees, bending the branches sharply toward the top, and wrapping binder twine around the bale to pull the branches as tight to the trunks as possible. The average bale needed approximately ten wraps of twine. After each wrap a knot was made, then the twine was cut with a "ring-knife", a ring worn on one hand with a short but sharp blade attached to it. This was tough work, very hard on both the fingers and the back. Rex Meister, a veteran of the Christmas tree business, remembered the skill of these tree tiers:

> Oh there was some rattling good tiers. Lord, I had some fellers tie trees, I remember their fingers just went like a sewing machine. Honest and truly, you could hardly believe that they could tie a knot so fast.

Such a team of three men generally produced one hundred bales per day, but in informal contests to prove who was the fastest some were known to tie from 200 to 400 bales a day.

Once the bales were tied, the landowner transported the trees to where the buyer wanted them delivered. Teams of oxen or horses took the trees to the railhead where they were loaded on flatcars. Trees were piled between the stakes of the flatcar, and lashed down every so often to keep them in place. This method of sending trees was used until the early 1940s, by which time boxcars replaced flatcars as the standard method of transportation.

While most were sent by rail, some trees were transported by ship from Nova Scotia. The earliest mention of trees as seaborne cargo was in 1937 when it was reported that: "Motor vessel Apohaqui, of the Lawrence Sweeney fleet, out of Yarmouth, sailed from Bridgewater on Friday for New York, with a cargo of Christmas trees loaded at the railway wharf." The largest shipment of trees by sea was in 1938 when the J. Hofert Company, based at Moncton, New Brunswick, sent 77,403 trees on the *Maid of Stirling* to New York. The majority of trees, however, continued to be sent by rail.

Americans controlled this early trade, but the buyers did not normally come to Nova Scotia. Instead they gave contracts to local men who acted as their agents. The trees often passed through several hands before they were purchased by the consumer in the United States. A provincial government study of the Nova Scotia Christmas tree industry outlined this practice:

DesBrisay Museum

DesBrisay Museum, Bridgewater, Nova Scotia

The majority of Christmas trees leaving Nova Scotia are consigned to Christmas tree brokers, [American importers] who handle an average of 20 cars or more. These brokers resell the trees to wholesalers, who handle from one car upwards. The wholesaler sells to the retailer, who buys as few as 15 or twenty bales, and who in turn retails the individual tree. With this method of selling, the tree passes from the landowner to the cutter to the shipper to the broker to the wholesaler to the retailer to the consumer, everyone but the latter must make a profit and there are big expenses such as freight to be met.

This tendency to have several middlemen created a considerable discrepancy between prices paid to growers in Lunenburg County, and prices charged to American consumers. At the traditional Christmas tree retail outlets – nurseries, service stations, and fruit and vegetable stores – a tree cost $1.75 in New York in 1919, and $3.00 in

Above: The J. Hofert tree yard near Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, 1943, packed with trees to be sent by rail to the eastern United States.

Below: Aubrey Mailman watches as Christmas trees from the yard are loaded into boxcars for shipment at Bridgewater, 1938.

1927. By contrast, growers in Lunenburg County were paid only three to five cents per tree in 1922, while forty cents was paid for each bundle of one to three trees delivered to the railhead in 1924.

Despite this difference, most people selling trees to American buyers in the 1920s and 1930s were happy with the price they received. This trade of Christmas trees brought significant profit, and provided employment "to a considerable number of farmers and others who would otherwise be out of work at this season." Ira Mailman, a manager for the J. Hofert Company in the late 1930s, related the response of landowners when they realized that they could get money for their fir trees:

> I know it was quite a break when they first moved in. Why people right went wild – able to sell their fir trees – and everybody who could cut a couple of dozen fir trees was selling. They was certainly pleased.

The early response of the local forestry industry, however, was far from positive. Many involved in the lumber and pulpwood trades feared that the cutting of thousands of small trees would damage the long-term viability of their businesses. In 1922 the *Halifax Herald* in an editorial entitled: "Wasting Our Timber Substance" stated:

> The people of the United States come to this province – and they come also to other provinces of Canada – for these Christmas trees because they have about exhausted their own supply. The end of their timber supplies, according to authorities on the subject, is in sight. The end has been hastened by wasteful cutting. Our improvidence is fast bringing us to the same condition....
>
> Cutting down the young growing trees is the worst form of timber waste. There can be no justification for it.... The call to people in these days is to plant trees. But that call is not being heeded. Instead, we are recklessly wasting the potential timber of the country.

The debate over this issue lasted for at least twenty-five years. In time, however, it was recognized that the business was not damaging other forest industries. The Dean of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Forestry, C.D. Howe, concluded that an area of 20,000 acres – just over thirty square miles – was all that was required in Canada to fulfil the American demand. Others appealed to the financial benefits of the Christmas tree trade by pointing out that the tree business was said to put "a lot of money in the

"By 1943 it was estimated that almost

and in 1957 this figure rose to an

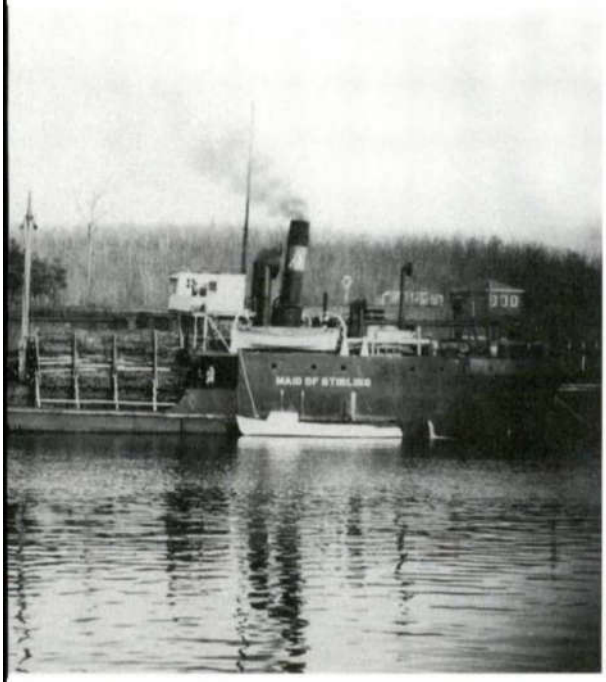
hands of a score of people which eventually finds its way to our merchants and helps to make Christmas shopping brisk." The provincial government also began to see the potential value of the industry. The Department of Lands and Forests stated in 1946 that the "Christmas tree business is regarded by some as trifling and by others as a menace to our lumber industry, but neither notion is correct."

This was an understatement. By the end of the Second World War the Christmas tree industry in Lunenburg County had entered a period of growth. While only about 300,000 trees were exported from Nova Scotia in 1924, this figure rapidly increased. By 1943 it was estimated that almost 1.2 million trees were exported, and in 1957 this figure rose to an impressive total of 3.8 million trees.

This growth was assisted by American companies that came to Nova Scotia in the 1930s, and dominated the industry in its boom years. They brought with them their expertise of marketing and transport, and established large, long-term operations in the province. One of the most

1.2 million trees were exported,

impressive total of 3.8 million trees."



DesBrisay Museum

In 1938 the J. Hofert Company used the "Maid of Stirling" to transport 77,403 trees from Bridgewater to New York.

important of these was the J. Hofert Company, in operation in Nova Scotia by the early 1930s. It quickly became the largest single exporter of trees in Nova Scotia. As early as 1936, Hofert's spent $250,000 a year in the province in wages, trees, trucking, and freight. At the height of the season it employed 800 people across the province and contracted 2,500 farmers to cut trees. The Kirk Company from Tacoma, Washington, also came to Nova Scotia during this period. In the late 1930s its owner, Paul Kirk, travelled throughout eastern Canada, and opened fifty locations in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Quebec.

While Hofert's and Kirk's became the most important of the early Christmas tree companies, the Hennigar family of Lunenburg County also played a prominent role. An innkeeper named Arthur Manuel shipped three carloads of trees in 1923, but being an elderly man, who was busy running a rooming house, he handed over the operation to Robin Hennigar in 1924. In his first year, Hennigar sent two carloads to the United States, and over the next twenty-four years gradually built up the business. By 1944 Robin Hennigar was the largest native exporter of Christmas trees in Nova Scotia. Four years later he shipped 250 carloads, or roughly one-half million trees.

In the 1950s an increasing number of local people began to set up their own Christmas tree exporting operations. These pioneers were generally former employees of the large American shippers. They learned the ins and outs of the trade from these companies, then utilized this knowledge to establish their own independent businesses. Creighton Sanders, for example, cut trees for American companies in the early 1950s, but a relative in Albany, New York, suggested that if Sanders brought a truckload of trees to Albany they would sell easily. In 1955, Sanders and two other men set out for the United States in a truck with 300 bundles of trees. The difficulties of the trip have been recalled:

> It was December. The truck cab was cold and the men's feet nearly froze. They got to Albany and found it wasn't all that simple to unload 300 bundles of balsam fir. They turned south, headed for New York City, stopping at tree lots along the way to sell a few bundles here and a few there. When a bundle was opened in front of a prospective buyer any manner of miserable, scrawny tree might fall out, much to the chagrin of the naive peddlers. They lot-hopped to within an hour of downtown New York City, taking a financial whipping all the way, before the load was sold.

This type of experience was common among those who attempted to establish their own exporting businesses in the 1950s and 1960s. Nevertheless, some persevered, and as they established themselves with American retailers, their businesses became more secure.

During the 1950s and 1960s there remained a substantial discrepancy between the price paid for trees in Lunenburg County and their value in the American market. In 1954 the price of a bale cut, tied, and loaded on a railroad car for the United States varied between $0.90 and $2.50 per bundle. Meanwhile, in 1957 retail prices in the United States varied between $1.00 and $8.00 depending on the market and size of the tree. This does not necessarily suggest that large profits were made by American retailers, but more likely indicates that trees still passed through many hands before reaching their final destinations.

Another reason for the difference in price was that many unsaleable trees were leaving Nova Scotia. A tendency to ship poor quality trees grew as the industry expanded rapidly. In the early

years of the trade most of the trees were of a reasonable quality. In 1932 it was reported that the "trees are of excellent quality. In fact nothing of an inferior grade will be accepted by the dealers." Many involved in the early industry agreed that as demand increased in the 1940s and 1950s the quality decreased. American importers were often more interested in volume than quality, and tree growers responded accordingly.

There were several methods employed to conceal poor quality trees in shipments to American buyers. Some people cut their trees in mid-October and then put them in a swamp to prevent them from appearing dried. The process of baling the trees in bundles created the greatest opportunity for trickery, since it was impossible to judge the quality of the trees after they were tied. One veteran grower recalled how this was done:

> I have to admit, an awful lot of trees that were shipped weren't Christmas trees. They were tied up in a bundle and you didn't know what was in there. You put one good tree on each side and put a slink [a tree with few branches] of a thing in the middle – the butts showed and that's all.

This became a relatively common practice, and local tiers grew adept at producing a good looking bale with poor quality trees. Another veteran grower fondly recalled the "skill" of one of his tiers. "Well, I had one tier ... his criteria was that if it was a bottom whorl [of limbs] that was all that it needed, because when you tied it up you couldn't tell the difference." Other practices were more devious, but less common. If a tree was not properly filled out, pieces of brush could be placed within the tree to give it a bushier appearance. A stump could also be placed in a bale to make it appear that the bale contained more trees than it actually did. The Department of Lands and Forests studied the problem with quality and wrote that heavy cutting:

> Has reduced the quantity of good saleable trees in certain favoured areas. When orders are to be filled, the next best are taken, and it would seem that there is no bottom to the "next best" in some cases. Many trees which should not have been cut were included in bales...."

As a result, American retailers looked upon Nova Scotia Christmas trees with increasing disfavour. Although many growers refrained from these practices and attempted to produce a quality product, those that did use crafty methods damaged the entire industry. A provincial government report related the problem faced by American retailers trying to deal with poor quality:

> The retailer must open the bales for the first time since they were tied. Conditions have become such that he commonly states, "If there is one saleable tree in a bale, I break even." If, with his overhead, a bale of trees costs the retailer on his lot $5.50, then one good saleable tree at $5.50 balances the books. He is not in business only to balance the books.

The Department of Lands and Forests addressed the issue squarely in 1957: "In the past few years Nova Scotia balsam fir have not been enjoying the same degree of widespread favour that it had formerly. This is due to poor quality trees."

Nevertheless, with the high American demand for trees, these practices did not seriously damage the export of trees from Lunenburg County in the 1950s, but the decrease in quality came at a bad time – a time when two new competitors appeared on the American marketplace: the plantation-grown Scotch pine, and the artificial Christmas tree.

Plantation-grown Scotch pine began to appear in the United States around 1950, and the numbers grew quickly in the following decade as millions of cultivated trees were established on plantations in the northeastern United States. Until the 1950s, balsam fir from the Maritime provinces and the northeastern United States provided the majority of the Christmas trees for the eastern American market. Balsam fir was the traditional tree, but the price of the Scotch pine made it popular. Balsam fir between six and eight feet tall retailed for $2.50 to $3.50 per tree in the late 1960s. In comparison, a similar Scotch pine

Ross Farm Museum, New Ross, Nova Scotia

Most Christmas trees were exported from Nova Scotia by train, but in 1955 this early shipment by truck was sent to New York by, from left to right: Eugene Elliott, Creighton Sanders, Donald Reeves.

Ross Farm Museum

A happy U.S. buyer stands beside her naturally grown Lunenburg County balsam fir Christmas tree in Lake Peekskill, New York, c. 1940.

Central Feature News, Inc.

This tree never saw a forest. It is made from plastic. The young decorator is heaping the boughs with suds-snow, 1959.

sold for $1.75. In addition to price, Scotch pines were heavily sheared, and therefore denser, contrasting sharply with the thin, natural balsam fir grown in Lunenburg County during the 1950s.

Lunenburg County growers were slow to produce similar, dense trees. Cultivating was not an attractive option because it took time and affected the appearance of the tree. Local growers considered a naturally grown tree to be the "typical" or "traditional" Christmas tree. Hugh Walker, born in 1907 and a long-time producer, spoke for many of those involved in the industry, asserting: "I wouldn't put a sheared tree in my house, myself." Nevertheless, the former Department of Lands and Forests Christmas tree Extension Specialist, Tom Ernst, remarked on this view. Growers "used to tell me that, but I said you're not selling to your house, you're selling it on the North American market and the North American market is demanding a certain number of this type of tree."

The problem of increasing competition was made more serious by the entrance of the artificial tree into the North American market. Several styles of artificial trees were sold in the United States since the beginning of the twentieth century, including trees manufactured from goosefeathers, rayon visca, and moulded plastics, but artificial trees did not gain popularity until 1963 when the first polyvinyl chloride tree was sold.

Not surprisingly, the rapid inroads made by producers of artificial and plantation Christmas trees, combined with the poor quality of the balsam fir from the Maritimes, led to a decline in the Nova Scotia tree industry. By 1960 the wild uncultivated tree was no longer as popular as it had been ten years previously. From 1957, when 3.8 million trees were exported from Nova Scotia, the industry experienced a steady decline. In 1963, 2.6 million trees were exported from Nova Scotia, and by 1967 this figure had decreased to just 1.8 million.

The boom years were over for the Nova Scotia Christmas tree industry. The image of the traditional Christmas tree had changed. With better supplies of good quality trees, the American market began to expect an excellent product, and the growers in Lunenburg County had to supply it, or watch their business decline. Some growers used new cultivation techniques to create the thick Christmas trees that are the norm today. However, never again would rural Nova Scotians cut and sell as great a number of Christmas trees as they did in the 1950s, for Christmas trees, like the entire Christmas celebration, had become bigger and better. Traditional trees no longer had a place. ◆

R. Blake Brown is a second-year Bachelor of Law student at the University of Toronto.

Acknowledgements:

This article is based upon research conducted for the DesBrisay Museum of Bridgewater, Nova Scotia and the Ross Farm Museum of New Ross, Nova Scotia. The author expresses his appreciation for the assistance provided by these two institutions.

First Rank

BY ROSEMARY MALAHER

SIGNIFICANT TREASURES
By Canadian Federation of Friends of Museums.
c/o The Art Gallery of Ontario, 319 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 1G4, 1997.
320 pp., illus. $29.95 softbound.

Some readers may have seen the "Significant Treasures" column which was running monthly in the *Globe and Mail*. Here was a good idea, a choice of one "treasure" from a Canadian museum, an opportunity to learn about an important and interesting artifact and about the Museum which holds it. Using this device, the Canadian Federation of Friends of Museums has published selections from over one hundred and forty museums whose "Friends" are members of the national organization.

The resulting book is like an eclectic museum similar to the Victorian cabinet of curios from which the modern museum concept has developed. Each chosen item is portrayed in an excellent photograph, most in colour, and the accompanying copy is concise and informative, providing in three or four paragraphs a description and the context of the artifact in the museum's collection.

Even with this random sampling, the artifacts portray the spectrum of Canadian history and culture. Aboriginal artifacts, such as the Beothuk pendants from precontact era, and a Musqueam Indian blanket, recreated in the nineties using traditional methods in reviving a craft unused for fifty years, a silver cross lost by Jesuits on their mission to the Hurons, Champlain's astrolabe, the silver gorget given to Joseph Brant by King George III, Harris's portrait of John A. Macdonald, Donald Smith's beaver hat, a trunk which brought a Mennonite family from Russia to Manitoba, two very impressive automobiles, the steam engine from Edmonton's first railway line, a Prisoner of War uniform from World War II and Joe Fafard's evocative sculpture of Diefenbaker, are a few examples of the historical sweep of the selections.

When one thinks of the fine handwork exhibited in many of the ethnic collections across the country, one wonders how a choice could possibly be made by those curators. Here we are shown an exquisite pysanka [decorated Easter egg] from the Ukrainian Museum in Saskatoon. Although fine native bead and quill work are also represented, it is significant that Head-Smashed-In Buffalo Jump has proposed the escarpment which dominates its site, and Wanuskewin highlights the Elder, Smith Atimoyoo, who is the keeper of oral traditions. The selection of one art work from each of the several art galleries must also have been difficult, although in total, the breadth of periods and styles is fortuitous.

"Victor and Friend", c. 1936 by Victor Humeniuk. Saskatchewan Western Development Museum.

The Introduction by Dr. Lynne Teather of Toronto comments on the artifacts and provides a brief outline of the history of Museums in Canada. Dr. Teather credits the importance of the private collector, whose depth of knowledge and diligence has been the foundation of several of Canada's museums, both large and small. A major oversight in the introduction is any discussion of the irreplaceable contribution of the donors, the quiet heroes whose names appear on so many pages of this book. Where would the museums be without them?

Unfortunately, there is no statement of the genesis of the writing. The acknowledgements mention Douglas McArthur, who wrote the columns for the *Globe and Mail*, but since his name does not appear elsewhere, presumably he is not the one responsible.

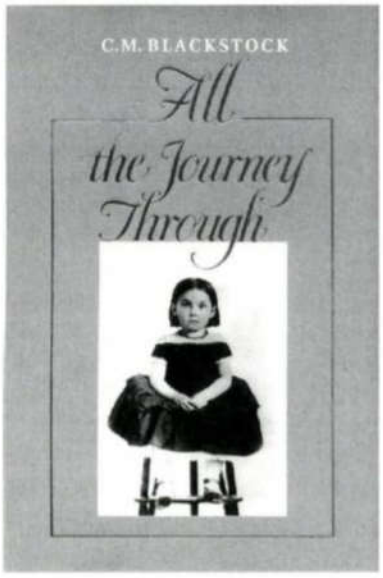
The only clue is the credit to June Ardiel as text editor on the flyleaf. She has done a masterful job to prepare a consistently high quality of commentary in the limited space allowed by the format. Each museum is also given space for its address, a map of the location and, beneath the photograph, a few lines of label copy and a short list of museum highlights.

No review can really do justice to the treasures. The publication fulfills its mission, in creating a desire to visit many of the museums to see these artifacts or some other feature listed in the highlights. Thanks to the Royal Bank and other patrons, the book can be obtained in either English or French for a very reasonable price. *Significant Treasures* provides a tantalizing glimpse of the expected and unexpected riches to be found in museums across Canada.

Rosemary Malaher, of Whistler, BC, is a past-president of the Manitoba Historical Society, and has just retired from the board of Heritage Canada.

Bundles of Letters

BY JUDITH HUDSON BEATTIE



ALL THE JOURNEY THROUGH
By C.M. Blackstock.
University of Toronto Press,
10 St. Mary Street, Suite 700,
Toronto, Ontario, M4Y 2W8, 1997.
291 pp., illus. $29.95 hardbound.

This book captivates the reader with its compact size and elegant cover before a page is turned. Who can resist the appeal of the self-contained gaze of four-year-old Hattie Gooderham? Her steady stare promises an unaffected and honest approach. The author, her granddaughter, fulfills this promise. She has taken her title from her great-great-grandmother's words "and so we find it, bitter and sweet – sweet and bitter all the journey through." She reports on the family, warts and all.

The pages of this delightful book provide an intimate view of a Canadian Victorian family. Generations of the Blackstock, Gibbs and Gooderham families come vividly to life: pioneers and businessmen; adventurers and preachers, with the odd "FFD" (fop, fool and drunkard). Suicides, alcoholism and madness are not avoided, but are recounted with honesty and sympathy. The author is quick to point out that this is a story without hero and heroine. Yet, I defy anyone to read this book without feeling admiration for those hardy souls who endured so much to create a better life for their children.

The book came out of "many bundles of letters that spanned more than a century" which were kept in the family, and on which the author's eccentric Great-Aunt Millie had written "Destroy everything". Happily, the author disregarded those instructions. She has used these intimate accounts, along with diaries and family anecdotes, to tell a compelling story.

However, she does not restrict herself to the story of her family. Thanks to extensive research in libraries and archives in Canada and in Britain, her family story illustrates the stages of growth in a developing nation. It follows the difficult journey of a British emigrant, the tribulations of a miller at the Seigniory of Terrebonne, and the vagabond life of a Methodist preacher, the gold seeker's quest for riches in the Cariboo. The family participated in the settlement, politics and development of industry in Upper Canada, in the 1837 Rebellion, the Fenian raids, and the First World War.

The wide-ranging scope of this research has led to some minor errors. For example, the Flathead Indian territory was in Montana, far from Victoria where their encampment has been placed (p. 187). The lack of references has also made it impossible to trace the sources that the author used. But these are minor quibbles. She is an observant and charming storyteller whose tale stands well on its own.

The women shine through as the steady beacons of support and hope. Their stories are generally absent from the pages of traditional histories, but here they are central. They were the faithful letter-writers who sat down "as soon as a letter arrived from one daughter in order to relate its contents to another." Caroline Tate Gibbs'

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

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patience with poverty and her nurturing care for her children; Mary Gibbs Blackstock's persistence in attempting to meet the requirements of a Methodist preacher's wife; Emily Holt's strength in coping with a growing family and an absent and improvident husband; Harriet Gooderham Blackstock's gentle authority and genteel upbringing; Amelia Elizabeth (Millie) Blackstock's reclusive devotion to her long-dead family: this was the glue that held the family together. These women knew the formidable power of letters and love.

The family story has emerged from these personal communications of generations of men and women. As an archivist, I rejoice that the author saved these letters from destruction and used them so effectively. I also hope that they eventually find a permanent home in a public institution where other researchers can use them to tell new and different stories.

Judith Hudson Beattie is the Keeper of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Provincial Archives of Manitoba, Winnipeg.

The Triumvirate

BY SHIRLEE ANNE SMITH

THE KING OF BAFFIN LAND
W. Ralph Parsons, Last Fur Trade Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company
By John Parsons and Burton E. James. Creative Book Publishing Limited, P.O. Box 8660, St. John's, Newfoundland, A1B 3T7, 1996. 231 pp., illus. $14.95 softbound.

The authors of this book have worked under a handicap. Parsons left few personal papers, the archival material relating to his career is patchy, and his contemporaries (he was born in 1881) have died.

When Parsons joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1900 the fur trade had changed little during the previous 50 years. Travel was still by dogteam in the winter and by various watercraft in the summer. Parsons had all the basic characteristics to fit into this isolated scene. He was tough, resourceful, reliable, generous, honest, and quiet in manner. It was these qualities which enabled him to establish the fur-trade posts in the Eastern Arctic, starting with Wolstenholme, Quebec, in 1909 and spreading out to Baffin Island and other parts of the Northwest Territories.

The authors, both Newfoundlanders, write with intimate ease of Parson's life and family in Newfoundland, but their grasp on his career with the company is not so firm. They rely heavily on quotations from published sources, including Peter C. Newman, Professor Arthur J. Ray, A. Dudley Copland, and R.H.H. Macauley.

The crucial decade in Parson's career was the 1930s which in the book is entitled "Conflict and Resignation". In 1930, Philip A. Chester was appointed General Manager for Canada. The following year Patrick Ashley Cooper became Governor; and Parsons was appointed Commissioner, Fur Trade Department. In their approach to the relationship among Parsons, Chester and Cooper the authors seem to have a lack of understanding as to what was happening within the company during this period. In 1930 the company was haemorrhaging. In the Fur Trade Department, in particular, there were

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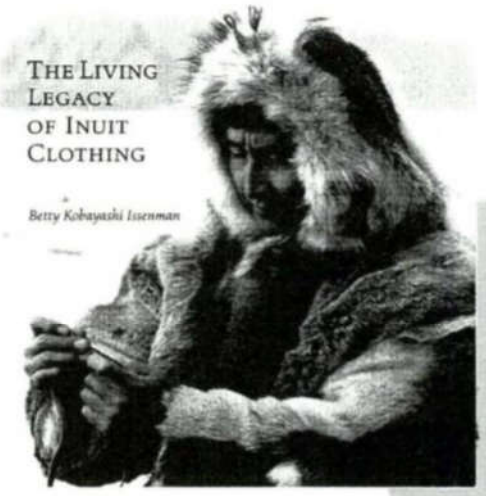

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no modern buying, personnel, or training practices. It was painfully obvious that if the company were to survive a reversal of its business methods had to be implemented. It is noted that "almost from the beginning, Chester became obsessed with making the Hudson's Bay Company economically efficient." He had no choice. But Parsons by temperament and training was not the person to galvanize this change, which included the hiring and training of personnel, revamping the Mackenzie River Transport, the purchase of airplanes and the closing of unprofitable posts.

The authors have ambivalent feelings about the relationship between Chester and Parsons which they describe as "conflict and struggle." Their adverse comments on Chester are mainly taken from Newman's *Merchant Princes*. The stagnant state of the company and why the Fur Trade Department had to be reorganized are given short shrift. Yet they admit that "Parsons was a field man and not a great administrative executive" and that he "would promise his full co-operation but then revert to his own way of operating." It is doubted that Chester would have viewed the relationship as conflict and struggle. The Fur Trade was simply another department that had to be revitalized. In some respects the Retail Stores Department gave Chester more worry than the Fur Trade, as good merchandisers were just as scarce in the 1930s as they are in the 1990s. It would be difficult for someone of Chester's intelligence not to have a degree of admiration for what Parsons had accomplished. This is confirmed in a letter to David Parsons wherein he said "your father's achievements in the North have assured him of a permanent and honoured place in the history of our Company." Chester also kept in touch with Parsons after he retired in May 1940, as did Governor Cooper, who knew Parsons better than Chester. The comment that Cooper "was somewhat condescending towards Ralph Parsons" is more perception than reality. Since the 1934 voyage to the Eastern Arctic there had been a bond between the two men. Cooper was the one who acted as a levelling agent when Chester's blood pressure ascended.

What is missing from this book is the inner thoughts of Ralph Parsons. There are few personal letters and no diaries to tell us what he thought about the Hudson's Bay Company, his colleagues, his friends and his work. It is the story of a man seen through the eyes of others. The eighteen appendices are mainly quotations about "R.P." from friends and employees. There is no doubt that he deserved a biography. But at the end of it he remains elusive. That, of course, is how he would have wanted it.

Shirlee Anne Smith is the former Keeper of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives.

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She was launched in Vancouver in 1928 to serve as a floating Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment in Canada's Arctic. Despite violent storms and many winters frozen in the arctic ice, *St. Roch*, under the command of Captain Henry Larsen, not only survived everything that the Arctic hurled at her, but on 11 October 1942 sailed into history, as well. On that date, after a 28-month journey, *St. Roch* entered Halifax harbour, making her the second vessel ever to transit the Northwest Passage, and the first to complete the voyage from west to east.

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St. Roch's last voyage to the Arctic was in 1948. But *St. Roch*'s history-making endeavours were not over. In 1950, she sailed to Halifax via the Panama Canal, and repeated the voyage on her return in 1954.

On her arrival in Vancouver in 1954, the vessel was decommissioned and sold to the city for $5,000. In 1958 she was placed in drydock in Vanier Park as part of a British Columbia Centennial project. The second part of this project was to build the Vancouver Maritime Museum adjacent to her.

In 1962, she was declared a National Historic Site. In 1995, owing to federal government funding cutbacks, Parks Canada transferred responsibility for *St. Roch* to the City of Vancouver, which then transferred operations to the Vancouver Maritime Museum. The Vancouver Maritime Museum established the St. Roch Preservation Fund to ensure that future generations can enjoy the ship and her history. All proceeds from the sale of *St. Roch* items benefit the Fund. The items include: a) *St. Roch* replicas, individually crafted and five inches long, in pewter, silver or gold plate, with or without a dustcover, at prices ranging from $45 to $160; b) a beautiful, limited-edition poster of the ship by Maritime artist Robert McVittie for $10; c) a *St. Roch* model kit for $119.95.

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From Canoes to Railroads

The Beaver was first produced by the Hudson's Bay Company, an enterprise that was once almost totally dependent on the canoe. A new book focuses on canoeing, not as an essential means of transportation and trade, but purely as a recreational activity. Paddling has been a Canadian pastime for so long it is part of our culture – social, aesthetic and economic – and thus of our history. Its many aspects are treated in *Idleness, Water, and a Canoe*, a book to be treasured by anyone who loves the mystique of moving along wilderness waterways purely for pleasure.

This centrality of the canoe in the Canadian psyche, and its accompanying "myth of the wilderness," is one of the themes of iconoclastic historian Daniel Francis's latest book, *National Dreams*. A book guaranteed to contain something to upset every *Beaver* reader. It is discussed more fully by Christopher Moore in this issue.

In contrast, a well-intentioned, idealized portrayal of Aboriginal Canadian life is found in *Rediscovering the First Nations of Canada*. The history, the social structure, and the spiritual beliefs of each First Nation grouping are sketched. The devastating impact of their "discovery" by Europeans is described. University of Calgary Professor John Friesen is an expert on multiculturalism, but his own European ethnicity may account for his singularly uncritical presentation of Native culture. If the Canadian "myth of the master race" (as Francis sub-titled one of his chapters) is wrong, which it clearly is, must we accept, instead, the myth of an Aboriginal Eden?

The *Philosophy of Railroads* is a scholarly history of the *idea* of building the Canadian transcontinental railway. While popular political rhetoric may have lauded them for their nation-building, the prime purpose of the promoters of each railway project was always money-making. Linking the provinces notwithstanding, each segment of the growing rail system was designed to ensure that it was well integrated with United States railways to the south. Cross-border commerce took precedence over cross-continent communication. At the time, prominent public figures of every political persuasion believed that rail technology would dissolve trade barriers. Economic protectionism and the National Policy came later, mostly benefiting business interests in central Canada while westerners suffered. Pierre Berton, take note.

Inventing the Loyalists is also a book to challenge popular conceptions. The oft-lauded Ontario tradition of Loyalism was invented, not inherited,

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Books Cited

The Canadian 100: The 100 Most Influential Canadians of the 20th Century. By H. Graham Rawlinson & J. L. Granatstein. Little, Brown and Co., 1997. 382 pp. $19.95 hardbound.

Idleness, Water, and a Canoe: Reflections on Paddling for Pleasure. By Jamie Benidickson. University of Toronto Press, 1997. 299 pp. $55.00 hardbound; $17.95 softbound.

Inventing the Loyalists: The Ontario Loyalist Tradition & the Creation of Usable Pasts. By Norman Knowles. University of Toronto Press, 1997. 244 pp. $50.00 hardbound; $18.95 softbound.

National Dreams: Myth, Memory, and Canadian History. By Daniel Francis. Arsenal Pulp Press, 1997. 224 pp. $19.95 softbound.

The Philosophy of Railways: The Transcontinental Railway Idea in British North America. By A. A. den Otter. University of Toronto Press, 1997. 292 pp. $34.95 hardbound.

Rediscovering the First Nations of Canada. By John W. Friesen. Detselig Enterprises (distributed by Temeron Books), 1997. 286 pp. $19.95 softbound.

Surgeons, Smallpox and the Poor: A History of Medicine and Social Conditions in Nova Scotia, 1749–1799. By Allan Everett Marble. McGill-Queens University Press, 1997. 356 pp. $55.00 hardbound; $19.95 softbound.

Until Next Year: Letter Writing and the Mails in the Canadas, 1640–1830. By Jane E. Harrison. Wilfrid Laurier University Press, 1997. 155 pp. $49.95 hardbound.

argues University of Calgary historian Norman Knowles. "The portrait of the Loyalist as a member of a superior, cultured, and elevated group that endured untold privations for the sake of principle bears little relationship to the historical record." Such idealized images emerged over time and evolved with the changing economic and social concerns of each successive generation. More than half the book deals with the politics of the 1884 Loyalist centennial celebrations and the ensuing efforts to erect monuments, to publish histories and to create the United Empire Loyalist Association.

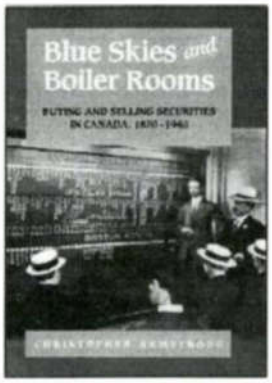
Until Next Year is a celebration of the art of letter writing in the Canadas over a period of nearly two hundred years (1640–1830). It considers the tools and the forms of written communication when letters were the only means of personal contact over great distances. Every aspect had its proper conventions, from the style and spacing of the text to the folding and sealing of the paper. Once written, letters were carried and ultimately delivered – with erratic yet amazing reliability – by official mail couriers and by travelling individuals. Here are charming examples of private correspondence, made all the more delightful by the accompanying maps and diagrams, the photographs of actual letters, the pictures of old writing instruments, and the reproductions of historic sketches and paintings. In our era of e-mail and faxes, this is a book for anyone who cherishes the humanity of the handwritten word.

The history of Halifax has been traced in many volumes – *Surgeons, Smallpox, and the Poor* looks at the medical and related social conditions of its first fifty years (1749–1799). The author describes in detail (190 pages of text, 140 pages of appendices, notes and bibliography) the practice of surgery and medicine in Nova Scotia and the accompanying treatment of the poor and the insane. In the Halifax of that time, military movements dominated civilian life. Wars and rumours of wars brought troops to town and ships to harbour. Soldiers and sailors were accompanied by surgeons, but they also came bearing smallpox and other miseries. In the more peaceful periods most of the army and the navy were moved out, leaving behind individuals who were infirm or indigent, disbanded soldiers, abandoned family members, assorted camp followers – all of whom added to the population of the poor. Rather than a readily readable single narrative, it is almost a compilation of notes and records. Nonetheless, it is full of fascinating facts of how ailments and evils were treated and mistreated by the medical and social practitioners of the time.

Finally, a just-published book guaranteed to start arguments is *The Canadian 100*, a catalogue of the most influential Canadians of this century. If you can get past being annoyed by the ranking (I had great difficulty – Brian Mulroney was number 2!), the biographical sketches are informative and even enjoyable.

'Some investors were simply well-meaning innocents, so that demands began to be heard for tighter regulation of promoters and brokers to protect the gullible from being duped. At the same time, however, surprising numbers of people proved willing to risk money on highly speculative issues, aiming to use the latest rumour or hot tip to make a quick and easy profit. Such a situation was, of course, rife with possibilities for both deception and self-deception.'

- from the introduction



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Banks Addenda

I read Barry Baldwin's article on Joseph Banks in Newfoundland ("A Naturalist in Newfoundland", *The Beaver*, June/July 1997) with some interest, having used Banks' perceptive observations in my own research on the mid-eighteenth century fishery. It is a shame, therefore, that he did not bring to his readers' attention the fact that a magnificent published version of Banks's journal, *Joseph Banks in Newfoundland and Labrador, 1766. His Diary, Manuscripts and Collections* (published in the U.K. by Faber & Faber, and in the U.S.A. by the University of California Press), edited and with extensive essays by A.M. Lysaght, and handsomely illustrated with sketches by Banks himself, has been available for quite some time, or that Patrick O'Brian (familiar to many as the creator of the Jack Aubrey and Stephen Maturin historical novels) has written an excellent biography of the great botanist (*Joseph Banks, A Life: Explorer, Plant hunter, Scientist*, first published by Collins Harvill in 1987). Both books include reproductions of paintings that depict Banks much closer in age to the 23-year-old he was in 1766 than to the distinguished individual gracing the first page of Baldwin's article.

I assume that Baldwin is familiar with one if not both of these sources, since he repeats O'Brian's erroneous assertion that *Niger*'s mission was "to help keep the peace between violently quarrelling English, French, Spanish and Portuguese fishermen, a volatile situation created by the terms of the Treaty of Paris ... in 1763." For one thing, *Niger*'s role in Newfoundland, like that of the other warship stationed annually there, was quite prosaic, though no less important for all that: patrolling the fisheries. For another, there were no Iberian fishermen in Newfoundland in 1766, for they had abandoned the fisheries there more than a century earlier; the thousands of men who worked the fisheries were either French or British (including West Country English, Channel Islanders, Irish and Anglo-American). Finally, the growing friction between French and British fishermen was not caused by the treaty of 1763 alone; the so-called "Treaty Shore" granting fishing privileges to France while affirming British sovereignty over Newfoundland was actually a creation of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713.

Olaf Janzen,
Professor of History,
Sir Wilfred Grenfell College,
Memorial University, Newfoundland.

Not "Infamous"

I refer to the review in your August/September issue of a recent book (which I have read) entitled *The Cream of the Crop*.

As one who flew with two R.C.A.F. squadrons in Bomber Command during the Second World War I must take strong exception to your reviewer's use of the word "infamous" when speaking of the late Sir Arthur Harris, Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

The word "infamous" means notoriously bad; having a bad reputation; abominable (*Concise Oxford*, 8th ed. 1990). The man who held one of the most difficult commands of the war (he was Commander-in-Chief, Bomber Command, 1942–45) deserves none of these epithets.

It must be remembered that the methods, targets and types of missiles to be employed by Bomber Command were directed by the Allied Governments and their Chiefs of Staff, not by "Bomber" Harris.

A great deal has been written on this subject and it is unfortunate that neither the author nor your reviewer appears to have read R. Overy, *Why the Allies Won* (London,1995).

Walter H. C. Boyd,
Oakville, Ontario.

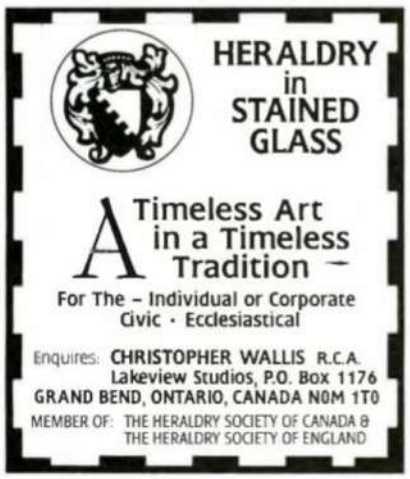
"One Flag ..."

Regarding P.B. Waite's article "In Loyalist Ontario: A Schoolboy's Recollections, 1930–1933" (February/March). He refers to his Ontario School Readers of the 1930s and his (and his teacher's) puzzlement regarding a quotation. "One Flag, One Fleet, One Throne" is from a work by Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

> Shall we not through good and ill
> Cleave to one another still?
> Britain's myriad voices call,
> Sons, be welded each and all
> Into one Imperial whole,
> One with Britain heart and soul!
> One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
> Britons, hold your own.

I came along somewhat later than Mr. Waite, when Britain was beginning to think about sensibly giving all the colonies democracy and independence but I, too, had a "mix" of English and Canadian works in my *Highroads to Reading* books and a lovely mix it was. I shall always be thankful that I missed those awful (United States!) *Dick and Jane* readers.

Christine D. Pike,
Waseca, Saskatchewan.



Short Voyage!

In David Gardner's article, "Vikings at Play", Aug/Sept 1997, he writes "...They also estimate that the sailing time from Greenland to Newfoundland would be approximately nine hours, a length of time vindicated in the Sagas."

The quoted figure of nine hours immediately caught my attention. As a retired icebreaker captain it did not seem plausible to me.

Taking Bratahlid (Narsarssuaq), the site of Erik the Red's farm, as the starting point, the direct line distance from Tunigliarfik Fjord entrance to L'Anse aux Meadows is 685 nautical miles. If the Viking ships could average as much as six knots on an ocean passage – which I doubt – it would take almost five days to make the trip. I would suggest also that these ships probably took the coastal route, possibly going ashore at night when opportunity offered, so perhaps nine DAYS might be a better estimate for an indirect passage.

Captain Patrick R.M. Toomey,
Canadian Coast Guard (Retired),
Kingston, Ontario.

A Noble Canadien

I read "A Noble Canadian" by Alison Acker, in the February/March issue. I have little knowledge of horses, but was pleased to read that there was a "Canadian" of the equine species. I passed the magazine to a friend who allows a few of these horses the run of his pasture. He was certainly interested, but not as pleased as I; the name of the horse, I was told, was misspelled. As proof he offered *Breeds and Breeders: a Guide to Minority Livestock Breeds in Canada, 1992*, and sure enough, our equine namesake is listed there as "Canadien" – no doubt recognizing its French ancestry as well as its Quebec heritage. My friend felt that this was an unfortunate error in the light of the present Canadian political scene.

Donald Hunt,
St. Catharines, Ontario.

The Beaver

February / March 1998

Royally Preserved at 327 Years

The Hudson's Bay Company has recently had its 1670 Royal Charter under the microscope. Christopher Moore tells *Beaver* readers how a group of specialists analized, preserved and housed this significant treasure for the benefit of post-millenium generations.

DONALD CREIGHTON:
CASTING THE NET ON HIS MACDONALD

"It was the combination of scholarship and literary skill, 'too rarely found in historians, that gives Mr. Creighton's work the quality of greatness.' "

P.B. Waite writes in intimate detail about Donald Creighton — the man — with emphasis on Professor Creighton's two-volume biography of Sir John A. Macdonald.

THE BIG LEAGUE IN THE NORTHERN BUSH

Shane Peacock tells the intriguing story of the unforgettable winter of 1910 in the small Northern Ontario mining towns of Haileybury and Cobalt, when a citizen could see the Montreal Canadiens or Newsy Lalonde and Cyclone Taylor, play the home boys at the local arena. The action was fast and the betting heavy as the NHL took a whirl in the "Wild North".

FLOWER CHILDREN IN LOTUSLAND

"Never trust anyone over thirty", was one of the rallying calls of the Flower Children. Tina Loo chronicles the heady days of the 60s with the alternate life style, head shops, coffee houses, love-ins and sit-ins. Every cause merited a demonstration, but in historical terms the "revolution" was short-lived.

ONE OF "KITCHENER'S KIDS"

Ron Hotchkiss documents the short life of Heck Duggan who belonged to the privileged world of English-speaking Montreal. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1914 and was sent to France. His death had a devastating effect on his family. There was solace, however, that in death, he exemplified the highest ideals of service and sacrifice for the Mother Country.

***Plus... Christopher Moore** on history and historians, ...**Chris Raible** ... **Pictures from Canadian Attics** and **History in the News** ... with reviews, letters and opinion.*

Desmond Morton

What a Historian told the Defence Minister

Ministers of National Defence get a lot of advice – from generals, admirals and honorary colonels, from arms merchants and peace groups, from backbenchers and colleagues and, almost daily, from the Opposition. In 1997 Douglas Young, Minister of Defence, approached four academics, myself included, for our independent views on what should be done to furnish Canada with efficient and effective military forces for the future. My first response was to suggest that he must have the wrong number. And, of course, I felt flattered enough to agree. I had one month to compress my experience into something useful.

Inevitably we were described as a cheap substitute for the Somalia Commission. We were cheap but we were no alternative. Federal Court Judge Gilles Letourneau had months of hearings, tons of paper and millions of dollars. We had a month and our own experiences – in my case as an army brat, eleven years service, two years on the edge of politics and too long as a history professor. The Commission was looking for villains; historians seek the circumstances that made people look like villains.

By calling its report *Dishonoured Legacy: The Lessons of the Somalia Affair*, the Somalia Commission made a historical judgement. The evidence is missing. Historians cruising Record Groups 9 and 24 at the National Archives will have doubts. So will soldiers with memories. I joined the army in 1954, soon after Canadian soldiers raped and murdered Korean prostitutes at their behind-the-lines brothel. David Bercuson tells me the penalty was two years in prison. Their superiors went on to distinguished careers. Earlier soldiers shot prisoners, murdered civilians and, in 1916, became venereal disease champions among the western allies. History aids perspective.

The Somalia operation was a mess, some of it precedented. The mission

Desmond Morton.

was ordered by Prime Minister Brian Mulroney at the request of President George Bush. Fearing Canadian criticism of a prime ministerial "Ready, aye Ready" to the White House, the government then insisted that the United Nations was in charge. The UN ordered its troops to disarm the Somali militias; the separate United States command refused such a dangerous task. Fortunately, the Somali militias at Belet Huen buried their arms – and made life increasingly difficult for the UN and the United States troops. To appease critics, top defence officials claimed that Canadians in Somalia were "peacekeeping". The Letourneau Commission put a low priority on finding out why.

Instead, the Commission judged that the Chief of the Defence Staff should have told Prime Minister Mulroney that he had no suitable troops or equipment for Somalia. Can a general say no to his political superior? That would have been a real Somalia scandal. Whether the destination is Belet Huen or a flooded southern Manitoba, Canadian soldiers go where they are sent, do their best, and endure the consequences. Given an ill-informed public and sensation-seeking media, the consequences can be brutally unfair. Could a deputy minister have said no? It has happened before, but not in 1992. Too bad.

The history of Canadian political-military relations since Confederation has a consistent message. Politicians make the rules: generals and admirals obey. When things go wrong – conscription in two world wars, Hong Kong, Dieppe or Somalia – the brass gets blamed. Since 1867, defence dollars have been spent to win votes. Remember the Ross rifle, the Avro Arrow or Unification. Protesting such practices cost six of our first eight military commanders and many successors their jobs. People who become admirals or generals are smart, ambitious, and know the rules. Or, like George Pearkes or Lewis MacKenzie, they become politicians.

Some Canadians wonder if we need armed forces. History gives an answer. Canadian sovereignty has depended on being strong enough to reassure the United States that we will do our share in keeping the continent secure. And five times in this century, more often if you count some so-called peacekeeping operations like Somalia, Bosnia and Haiti, Canadians have insisted on using force in a righteous cause. In 1993, the influential Canada 21 Council, consisting of 21 prominent Canadians, urged the government to turn the Canadian Forces into a lightly trained, short-service peacekeeping force. It would show the flag in a benevolent light, sop up unemployed youth, and vanish if things got nasty. At Srebrenica, such a force watched as thousands of Bosnians were massacred.

Instead, the Chrétien government's 1994 defence white paper promised "combat-capable" forces, able to fight "alongside the best, against the best". From South Africa in 1900 to Bosnia in 1994, that is what Canada's defenders have had to do. In 1997, there is no reason to believe that Canadians have given the last call. Canada, a trading

nation, with an increasingly diverse population, has a global interest in peace.

Fifty years away from the last major war, Canada's forces suffer many symptoms of peacetime military organizations. Ranks are grossly inflated – an officer for every five members, a senior non-commissioned officer per three junior ranks. Rank is often a reward for technical skill or long service, not a badge of leadership. Canada has more corporals than privates, more captains than lieutenants, and, even after General Jean Boyle's drastic cuts, an admiral or general for 723 other ranks. Militia units with 100-120 members have a full panoply of colonels (honorary and substantive), majors and captains fit for a battalion of 700. This is Ruritanian. It is also costly, confusing and, for real leaders, embarrassing. The number of ranks could be shrunk, from 18 to 10 or 12. Militia regiments that can field a platoon of troops should be amalgamated.

Canada's Unification experiment needs a second look. Some of Paul Hellyer's vision has been vindicated. Integration of service staffs, from Australia to the United States, has made more progress than anyone imagined possible in the 1960s. In a rare moment when powerful allies are not shaping our defence policy, Canada needs a unified defence headquarters to work out our own strategy and a couple of integrated commands to carry it out. Otherwise, distinct services make sense. Land, sea and air are three totally different places to live and fight; soldiers, sailors and flyers always knew it. Separate services survived Hellyer by changing their names, ducking and hiding. Today they should be held responsibile for the training, leadership and operational effectiveness of their own units and formations, but under an overall strategic command.

Experience tells us we need limited but effective forces. We can afford them if we choose military roles wisely, if we cut out self-serving careerism among regulars and reservists, and if we understand their need for both pride and discipline.

Desmond Morton is the director of the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada, Montreal. He has written a number of books including "A Military History of Canada: From Champlain to the Gulf" (third edition, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1994).

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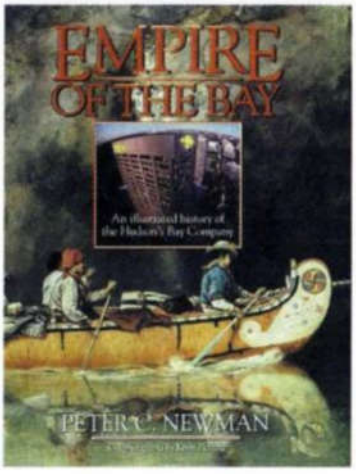

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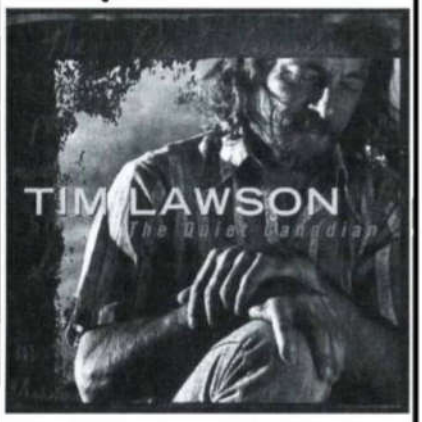

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It is this unique heritage that is to be celebrated in May 1999 with the Orkney Homecoming, a project designed to provide those Canadians of Orcadian ancestry an opportunity to come home.

Arranged by the Orkney Tourist Board and Great Canadian Travel of Winnipeg, this event will offer a package comprising flights to Scotland, and transport from Scotland to Orkney, accommodation, a programme of tours and excursions, participation in the Orkney Folk Festival and a grand gala evening at which Orcadians and Canadians can celebrate their shared heritage.

Further information can be obtained from Max Johnson, Great Canadian Travel, 273 Donald St, Winnipeg, MB R3C 1M9. Toll free: 1-800-661-3830; tel: 204-949-0199; fax: 204-949-0188

NFB DOCUMENTARY

The National Film Board has produced a 50-minute documentary on the life of Mary Percy Jackson entitled, "Wanted! Doctor on Horseback". Dr. Jackson came to Canada from England in 1929 and practised in northern Alberta. "I was neither male nor female. I was the doctor", she said. The challenge of treating VD, delivering countless babies and conducting surgery meant that she learned a lot of things on the job. Today, Dr. Jackson, a widow, lives in Keg River, Alberta.

A video of "Wanted! Doctor on Horseback", can be rented from most public libraries. To purchase one tel: 1-800-267-7710 for details.

A collection of Dr. Jackson's letters was published in 1995 by the University of Toronto Press entitled *Suitable for the Wilds: Letters from Northern Alberta, 1929–1931*. An article, "Mary Percy Jackson: Pioneer Doctor" by Zonia Keywan appeared in the Winter 1977 *Beaver*.

ARCTIC HISTORY CONGRESS

The Institute of History, University of Iceland, and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and External Trade, Iceland, will hold an international congress on the history of the arctic and sub-arctic in Reykjavik on 18-21 June 1998. The official language will be English.

There will be three main themes at the congress: centre and periphery, indigenous culture and external influences, and farming. Several papers will be given on each of these themes. There will also be single lectures, which may be on any theme that can be related to the history of the arctic and sub-arctic region.

For further details contact Professor Ingi Sigurdsson, Institute of History, University of Iceland, Árnagardur vid Sudurgötu, IS-101 Reykjavik, Iceland. Tel.: +354 525 4426. Fax: +354 525 4242. E-mail: ingi@rhi.hi.is.

WINNIPEG COLLOQUIUM

On 5-9 June 1998 The Centre for Rupert's Land Studies will be holding a colloquium in Winnipeg. The theme will be Native/European encounters. The Program Committee also hopes to feature a two-day visit to historic Norway House on Lake Winnipeg. For additional information please write to the Centre at the University of Winnipeg, 515 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, MB., R3B 2E9. Tel. (204) 786-9003, Fax (204) 774-4134, (attn. J. Brown).

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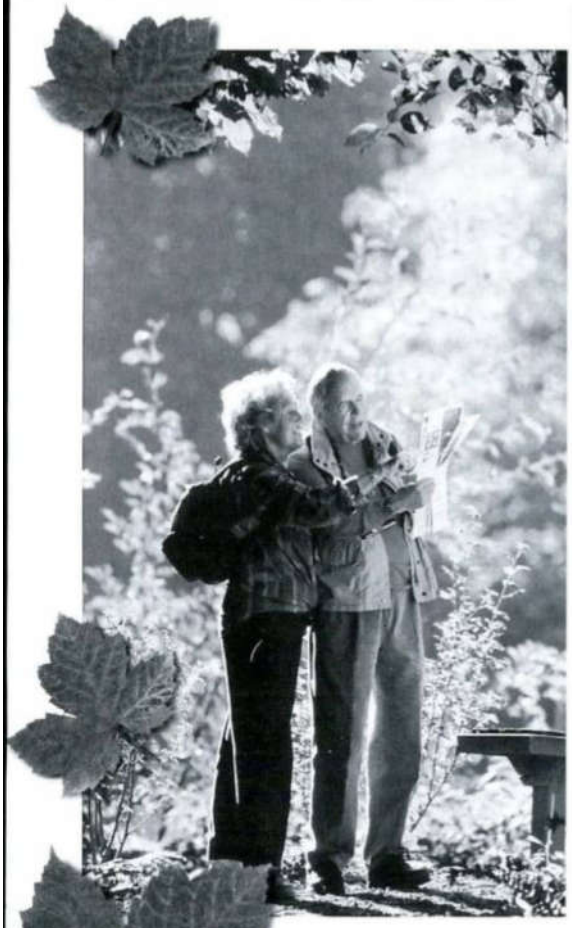

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MUSEUM PROFILE

An internationally acclaimed exhibit of the works of Leonardo da Vinci will be the 1998 feature at the Royal British Columbia Museum. It continues RBCM's policy of periodically supplementing its outstanding human and natural history exhibitions with presentations on single, large topics.

Leonardo da Vinci: Scientist, Inventor, Artist, with approximately 230 paintings, models, drawings and facsimiles, will make its only Canadian stop in Victoria from 1 October 1998 to 28 February 1999.

His inventions will be represented by designs for a rotary crane, hydraulic machines, projectiles and time instruments. Also featured will be models of his drawings, including airplanes, helicopters, parachutes, machine guns and steam cannons. Twenty original paintings and sculptures will be displayed. Ticket sales for the Leonardo exhibit start 1 April 1998.

The exhibit will have the 10,000 square feet of gallery space now occupied by **Whales: the Enduring Legacy**, a feature spotlighting the mythology, biology and economic importance of the spectacular marine mammal. This exhibit closes 1 February 1998.

Leonardo da Vinci.

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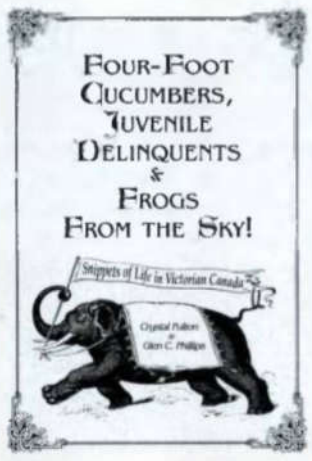

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Christopher Moore

Dismantling the Symbols

Last winter a Toronto professor caused a media flurry with a survey that suggested most students entering her Canadian Studies courses were spectacularly ill-informed about Canadian history. She asserted that such ignorance had contributed to the defeat of the Meech Lake and Charlottetown initiatives, and she lambasted the failings of the high schools. "Is it too much", she demanded, "to expect high school graduates ... to know the date of this country's founding?"

One important question not asked in this survey, it seemed to me, was why Canadian universities continue to accept these students if they are so unprepared for higher education. Indeed, when the universities seem to welcome any warm body who will become an academic income-unit, what incentive is there for high schools to expect more from their graduates? Shouldn't the universities' standards be scrutinized here as harshly as the schools'?

When an Angus Reid poll offered more of the same gloomy findings about young people's historical knowledge, I was delighted to see Vancouver writer and historian Daniel Francis offering a trenchant response in the Vancouver *Sun*. Francis has written history textbooks and he respects the challenge of history teaching. He has no doubt of the importance of teaching history and teaching it well. But where nations and peoples are at each other's throats around the world, he noted in his newspaper piece, it often seems they know too much history, not too little. Knowledge of the past doesn't necessarily dissolve current grievances. History teaching won't save the country.

Francis had another balloon to puncture. There's no looming crisis, he declared: teen-agers have *never* known enough history to please their elders. Busy "working through their identity problems", many adolescents will not grasp the interest or importance of history until they have grown up and gained a deeper time-sense and some personal history of their own. History, like youth, may simply be wasted on the young, he reflected. Francis concluded that it's Canadian *adults*, not children, who need to be engaged more directly in debating history.

Francis cited himself as an example. As a youth, he says, he neither knew nor cared much about Canadian history. After high school and university in British Columbia, he became a journalist for newspapers in Medicine Hat and Ottawa. He's sure that in those days he too would have failed a pop quiz on Canadian history. It was only when he went back to school as an adult that he "discovered" the history of Canada – and made it the focus of a free-lance writing career. Now, thirteen books later, back in Vancouver, Francis continues to write, to edit – and to think about history and what it means to Canada.

The path by which he – and other Canadians of his generation – came to know some Canadian history is the subject of Francis's newest book, *National Dreams: Myth, Memory and Canadian History*. One of its characters, in fact, is the youthful Daniel Francis, circa 1963, dutifully absorbing a little of what the history textbooks of that era told him. But Francis has more in mind than proving "Don't know much about history" was more than a pop-song lyric. *National Dreams* argues that the version of history his younger self did absorb was partial, misleading, and even dangerous. Worse, Francis argues, that version is still blindly accepted by the generation now running the country.

I have thought of Dan Francis as a contemporary and friend for years. Recently I talked with him about his sense of what we know about history and how we know it. "The conceit of the book, if you like", he soon said, "is the re-education of Daniel Francis. I wanted to re-present Canadian history, to get readers to think about the version they thought they knew." *National Dreams* is a demolition job on the "master narratives" through which, says Francis, most Canadians understand the past, and often the present, too.

What are these master narratives? Well, the "national dream", for one, the idea that the railway *is* Canada, even today, when rail has become a minor aspect of Canadian life. Francis thinks that that one was mostly the invention of Canadian Pacific Railway publicists. (The CPR refused Francis permission to use a CPR photo on the cover of *National Dreams*.) Francis also takes on the image of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, "the only souvenir police force in the world." They are a police force, Francis wants us to remember. Suppressing minorities and stifling civil liberties was part of their history.

Francis argues that the long-standing image of Quebec as a folkloric community of simple rural habitants is another dangerous "master narrative", one that has served to "infantilize" Quebec. "You know the glee with which so many people in English Canada jumped on this psychological portrait of Lucien Bouchard to prove that he is some Svengali and the people of Quebec are just naive dupes – that comes from the infantilization of

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF "HISTORY TELEVISION"?

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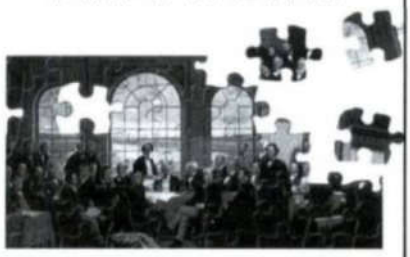

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Quebec." He's also keen to expose the many unpleasant lessons that have been built from the idea that we are a hardy "northern" race.

Francis is prepared to find that people are offended by his sweeping dismissals of traditional verities. And indeed, as I read *National Dreams*, I found myself bridling. Whatever the efforts of CPR publicists, surely the power of the railway myth comes from its truth and its explanatory usefulness – and anyway, wasn't there always a powerful "Damn the CPR" counter-narrative? I could see how exaggerated attention to Quebec's traditions might come to "infantilize" the province – but has it not also been a reality-check upon a powerful alternate narrative as old as the Durham Report: that Quebeckers were just like everyone else and should be made to abandon their claims to language, culture, and religion forthwith.

The master narratives Francis wants to expose, have always had to contend against other powerful interpretations. (And every Canadian "narrative" has always faced imported European or American assertions that no Canadian narratives need be taken seriously.) That is, where Francis warns that malevolent master narratives dangerously skew Canadians' reactions to the present, I suspect we have always had a grab-bag of versions – and we tend to seize the ones convenient to our current needs.

"I don't believe these things are conspiracies, or even that they are wrong", responded Francis, when I raised some doubts about core myths and master narratives. "I do want to insist that they shut out other realities.... By letting in other elements, we are letting the narrative breathe."

For Daniel Francis, letting the narrative breathe began with fur-trade research in the 1970s, which led to his fur-trade history *Battle for the West* and to several books on whaling and the north. Francis's enthusiasm had been fired by a new awareness among scholars of the central and essential role in the fur trade of the First Nations – whose place in Canadian history surely had been downplayed and derided by an overwhelmingly powerful master narrative. Francis hoped his popular histories would help integrate a native perspective into mainstream history.

But at the end of the 1980s, Francis now says, he was influenced by the writing-community controversy over "appropriation of voice", when native writers argued that having their perspectives continually interpreted by non-natives simply shut out native people's own interpretations. "It affected me quite strongly", says Francis. "I would not set out now to do a book of Indian history."

What he wrote instead was 1992's *The Imaginary Indian*, which explored – and sought to explode – many demeaning images of Indians invented by mainstream Canadian culture. *National Dreams* is a companion volume, turning the same searching critique on our inventions about ourselves.

In the conclusion to *National Dreams*, Francis fears history will become "a nostalgic hankering for the past, rather than an accurate understanding of it" – unless we learn to celebrate, rather than fear, new voices. "I don't just want to open up the narrative to blame ... to become an endless litany of 'we're sorry, we're sorry' ", he told me. "I want to hear voices of complaint, but I hope we are groping toward a wider, more inclusive narrative."

Francis thinks today's history textbooks are better than those of his youth. But his lesson seems to be that adult Canadians should not take their Grade Five history as the whole story, any more than they would take Grade Five physics or economics as the last word. "Master" or not, superficial stories based on shallow and selective versions of the past are always going to be dangerous if Canadians are willing to accept them uncritically. As Francis suggested in his newspaper commentary, history really is adult subject matter as well as something the kids should learn. We all can participate in making and re-making it.

National Dreams: Myth, Memory and Canadian History by Daniel Francis is published by Arsenal Pulp Press, 103-1014 Homer St., Vancouver, BC, V6B 2W9, which also published *The Imaginary Indian*.

Pictures from Canadian Attics

SANTA'S "REINDEER"

During the 1940s, one of the greatest Christmas thrills for children in the town of Tisdale and many other Saskatchewan communities was when Santa arrived on Main Street driving his own team of "reindeer". The animals, in this case a mule deer and a white-tailed deer, were owned by the late Jake Dalke (right), a local auctioneer who travelled throughout the country appearing at Santa Claus Days.

Dalke's activities drew the attention of the producers of the "Road" movie series in Hollywood that featured Bob Hope, Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour. In 1945, Dalke's team of six deer was taken by train to Hollywood where it appeared in "Road to Utopia".

While Dalke accompanied the animals to Hollywood, he was not allowed to drive his team in the movie. Despite all the cost and effort to get the animals to the movie set, the appearance lasted only a few seconds.

The picture was submitted by Jack Ives, Sr., of Tisdale, Saskatchewan.

THE SOCIETY

Finalists Fêted

Rideau Hall, in Ottawa, was the setting on 4 October 1997 for a ceremony and reception honouring the finalists in the 1997 competition for the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History.

Pictured with Joseph E. Martin, President of the Society and His Excellency, the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, is Indu Varma, of Sackville, NB, the 1997 recipient of the Award. She received a medal, a cash prize and a computer with CD-ROM capability, thanks to **Bell Canada**, and a complete set of the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, courtesy of the University of Toronto Press. Further information on the finalists and the recipient will appear in the February/ March 1998 issue of *The Beaver*.

The Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History was initiated by the Society in 1995. The program is made possible through the generous support of **Bell Canada**, the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation**, **Investors Group** and **Tricon Global Restaurants Inc.**

Society President, Joseph E. Martin, left, with His Excellency, the Right Honourable Roméo LeBlanc, Governor General of Canada and the 1997 recipient of the Award, Indu Varma.

The fourteen finalists are pictured below with His Excellency.

In the back row, from left to right: Jackie Underhill, Kathy Thomson, Gordon Blackman, Susan Earles, Susan Anderson, Susan Bate, Donald H. Holmgren, Marc Keirstead and John Jamieson.

In the front row, from left to right: Mario Mimeault, Heidi Bohaker, Joseph E. Martin, President of the Society, His Excellency, Indu Varma, Linda Bulka and Yann Herry.

Greenberg Appointed Editor

Laird Rankin, publisher, *The Beaver*, is pleased to announce the appointment of Annalee Greenberg as editor, effective 1 December 1997.

Ms Greenberg, a native of Winnipeg, has a solid editing background. She has edited eighteen books, including professional books for teachers and academics. She served as managing editor for the publisher of five regional business magazines where she coordinated the production of the publications. She was also managing acquisitions editor, marketing director for a Winnipeg-based publishing house, and has worked as a freelance journalist, editor and contract publisher. Ms Greenberg is a graduate of the University of Manitoba School of Art and the Banff Publishing Program. Ms Greenberg succeeds Christopher Dafoe who was editor of *The Beaver* from 1985 to July this year.

Plane View

The Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg, has recently joined the Society's admission discount program for Society members. The Museum offers members a 20 per cent discount on regular admission.

The Museum has over 30 fully restored, vintage and unusual aircraft on display, including the CF-101 Voodoo, Canada's first helicopter and a Junkers JU52-lm. Videos of early aviation are shown continually. The Museum is home to the interactive SKYWAYS children's exhibit and houses Canada's largest aviation bookstore.

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First published in 1971, this engaging book retells the time of armed uprising in Lower Canada in 1837 — the conditions that led to it, the battles, reprisals and the aftermath. This remarkable and sometimes tragic story concludes with the founding of the cornerstone that built Canada, the French-English partnership. 226 pp., index. Publisher's List Price $22.95; Club Price **$17.** (paper)

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by Christopher Moore
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KLONDIKE
by Pierre Berton
Winner of the Governor General's Award for Non-Fiction when first published in 1958, this bestselling classic, newly reissued, is essential reading about a colourful period in Canadian history now celebrating its centennial anniversary. 472 pp. Index. Publisher's List Price: $21; Club Price: **$15.** (paper)

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Revised and expanded in the 1990s, this new edition provides a lively, insightful and comprehensive account of what shaped Canada's past. Must reading to understand Canada today. 351 pp. Publishers List Price $18.99; Club Price **$11.** (paper)

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by Christopher Moore
The award-winning account of some 50,000 Americans who fled the United States for Canada in the late 18th century in protest over the revolution against Britain. 280 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$13.** (paper)

I HAVE LIVED HERE SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN: An Illustrated History of Canada's Native People *by Arthur J. Ray*
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This award-winning book has been re-issued to coincide with the 75th anniversary of Canada's most important medical discovery that won its discoverers international acclaim and the Nobel Prize for Medicine. But few awards have generated more controversy, as historian Michael Bliss recounts in this fast-paced narrative. 320 pp. Publisher's List Price $19.99; Club Price **$12.** (paper)

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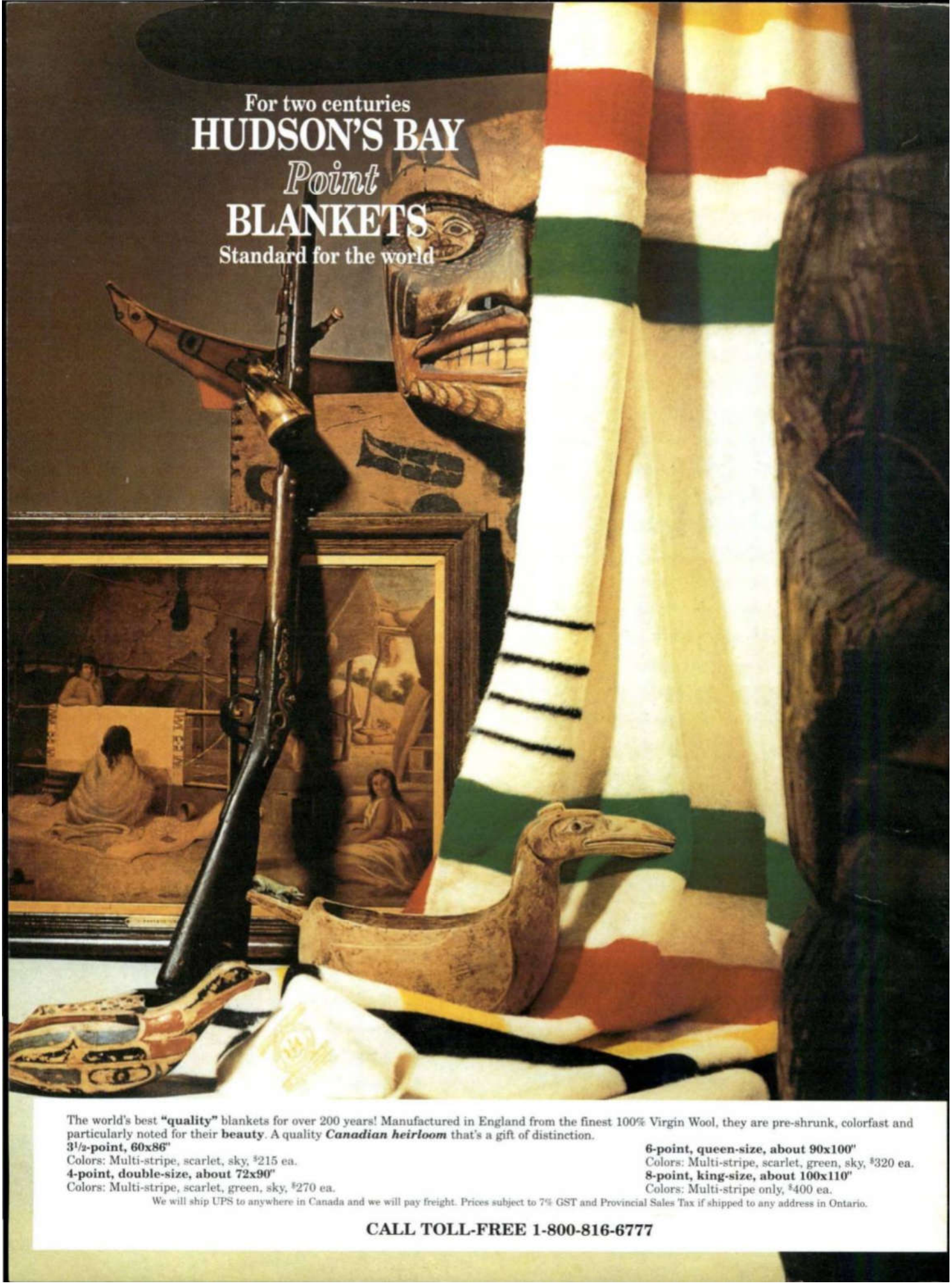

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